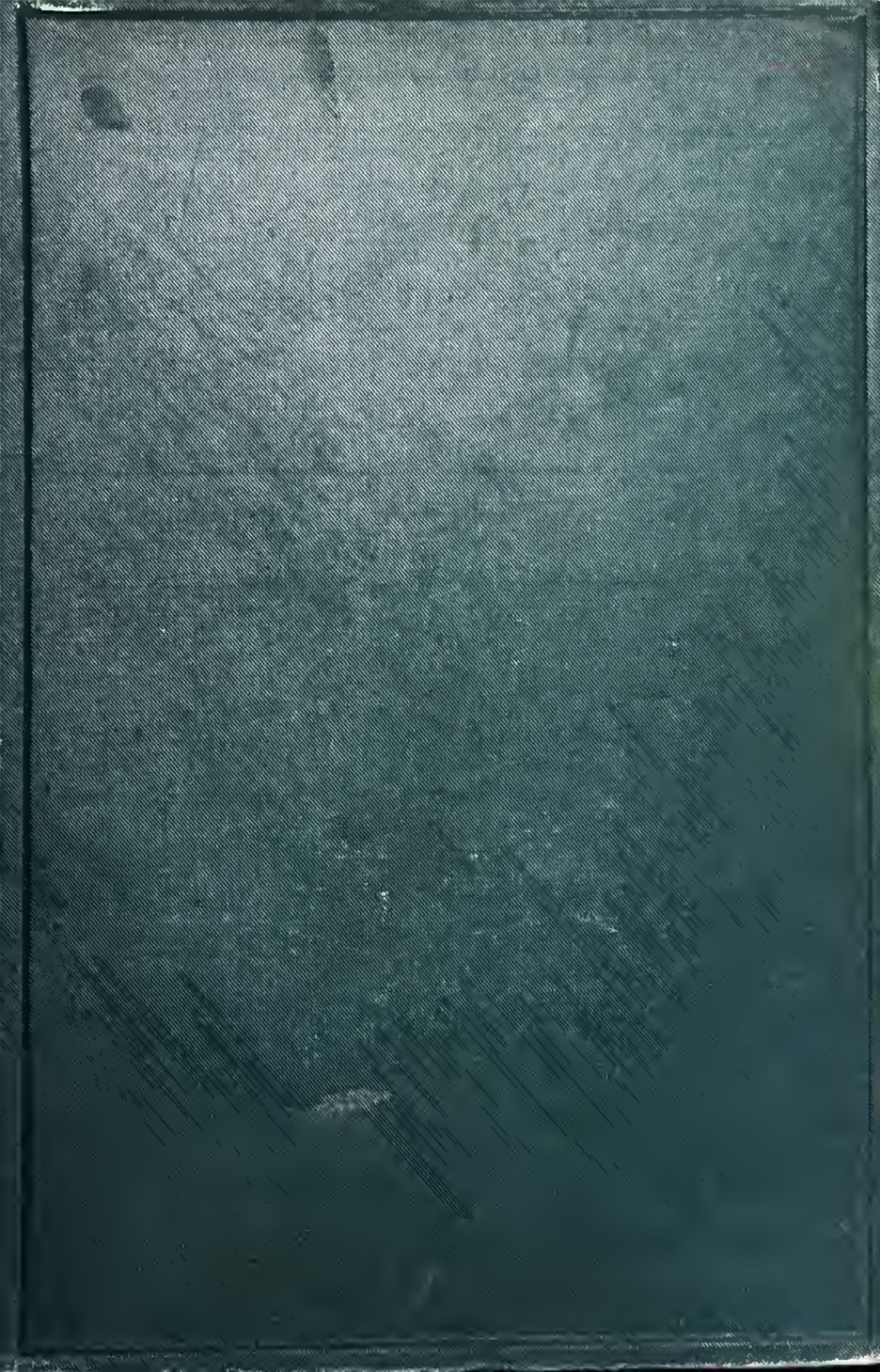




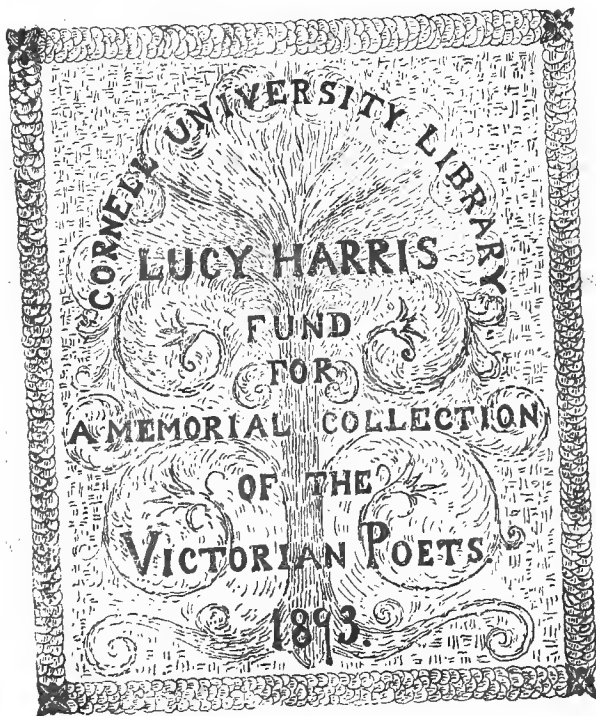
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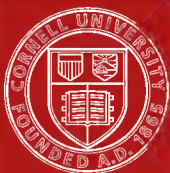
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ALLINGTON,

AND

Other Poems.



*My friend always
E. Brine.*

ALLINGTON,

AND OTHER POEMS.

BY

E. BRINE.



LONDON :

SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, & Co.

SWANSEA : CHARLES F. EDWARDS.

1884.

⑤

Æ

I DEDICATE THESE
POEMS
TO THE MEMORY OF MY DEAR
MOTHER.

All that this word's meaning *should* contain,
This Mother was !

PREFACE.

A PREFACE should be brief. I will therefore only say, that from the following incidents I am led to believe that my Poems (such as they are) may be acceptable to other readers, besides my own immediate friends.

As the following little gratifying testimonies came from those who were wholly unacquainted with the writer, they may certainly be considered as some proof that my anticipations are not ill-founded.

A poor girl who had suffered much adversity (one of the many children of sorrow) was engaged by me as a domestic servant. In the lining of her work-box was pinned the little poem "If Not," with my *nom de plume* attached to it. Upon my asking her why she had placed these verses there, she replied—"I always cut out the lines signed Siethelba, for they do me good, they help and cheer me!"

A young gentlewoman was once residing for a time in my house, a stranger to me, an accomplished and sweet girl. She too, was a sufferer. Commenting one day

upon my name, she asked me, if I knew the writer of the poem "God's Angels,"—"a poem," she remarked, "that I like so much, that at home I have fastened it over my bed!"

"Heaven doth with us, as we with torches do,—
Not light them for themselves."

Of "God's Angels," I may add, that the compiler of "Lyra Anglicana," upon seeing it in a local paper, sent to the editor for the address of the writer, in order that he might request permission to insert the poem in his new edition, in which it appears.

A young Scotch lassie visiting a friend of mine, came to spend an evening with me. She spoke of her pleasure in visiting England, and her friends here; but, she added, "I have been from home so long, that I am getting home-sick, and I cannot tell you how I long to see my mother!" In the course of the evening I read to her the poem, "A Fireside Reverie: To my Mother." The young girl was powerfully moved, and wept.

At an Essay Meeting, where the company were all strangers to me, saving the kind host and hostess, I was asked to read the poem, "Our blessed Dead." A gentleman present—a gifted and accomplished critic—emphatically admired the verses, and begged a copy.

On the first appearance of "Allington Castle" in the

Maidstone Journal, I received the following note from a clergyman in the neighbourhood.

“GRAVENEY VICARAGE,

“FAVERSHAM.

“Feb'y. 18, 1862.

“DEAR MRS. BRINE,

“ON perusing your very exquisite and beautiful lines on ‘Allington,’ I can but sincerely thank you for the gratification they afforded me.

“It is a great pity, with a mind like yours, and so felicitous a pen for the muses, that you do not publish, and give the world at large the benefit of your productions, far beyond the usual average of newspaper effusions, and meriting far more than their ephemeral fame. Sentiments expressed like your own, should be enduring, and I am persuaded they would be, if you gave them the trial. I can but feel you are doing yourself great injustice if you do not.

“I can assure you I religiously treasure, and place them all together in one part of my scrap-book, and I look with great interest in the Poets’ Corner for the signature of “Siethelba.”

“You will, I am sure, excuse this intrusion of my thanks, and if “a word in season” should be the means of inducing you to give to the world in a more enduring form, lines which breathe not-only poetic fire, but principles founded on Gospel truth, I for one shall be sincerely glad.

“With Mrs. Thorpe’s and my own kind remembrances,

“Believe me,

“Very faithfully yours,

“JOHN FREDERIC THORPE.

“MRS. BRINE.”

It is enough : perhaps this is God’s way of making me

useful; and if I can help to please, and comfort a few human hearts, I am satisfied.

My little volume may be regarded also as somewhat of a literary curiosity, as the thoughts, and feelings woven into song, always framed their own setting; that is, I have never given one half-hour in my life, to the study of the mere construction of verse, so that they may be truly styled natural poems,—

“ I do but sing, because I must,
And pipe, but as the linnets do.”

Oystermouth, 1883.

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ALLINGTON

AND OTHER POEMS.



ALLINGTON.

I.

'Tis sweet to wander when the day is done,
And still the fever of life's troubled dream,
Where the rich beauty of the setting sun
Lights up with glory Medway's placid stream ;
Where the long grass luxuriant, bending low,
With reeds and rushes sing a roundelay
To the cool waters, as they onward flow,
And margin flowers, in Summer's high array,
Send up an incense on the stilly air—
Dewy, and sweet, and fragrant from the sod ;
And Earth's great heart seems hallowed into prayer,
A glorious temple 'neath the smile of God ;
And good triumphant over evil springs,
To shroud the world in her exultant wings.

II.

'Tis sweet to hear the wild deep gush of song,
Thrilling the heart, from yonder solemn grove,
Grow fainter, fainter, as we glide along,
Like the pale memories of our early love,
That rise all softly in the holy rest :
Those tender dreams, untouched by trembling fears,
When faith and love sat thronèd in the breast,
Undimmed by sorrow and unmarked by tears ;
Soft in the distance as the gold-touched hills,
Sleep ye as fair in trance of glowing light,
Coloured and tinted, for my bosom thrills,
While memory wakes you with your pure delight,
Ye radiant visions of the eternal past,
Wrapt, happy dreams, too beautiful to last.

III.

Those early years ! when love a radiance threw,
A rapture fresh, on what was fair before,
A joyance high, the sun-light and the dew,
Your reign is past, and now for evermore
A calm delight be mine ; but memory still
Bear me away from what cold Time has taught ;
And I will wander at thy winning will,
And walk again the pathway fancy fraught,
And will believe, while I am thus beguiled,
Time has not changed me, I am still the same ;

And with the glad free worship of a child,
Hold all things sacred in God's hallowed fane ;
For, oh ! such peace and beauty here are found,
The soul must worship, for 'tis holy ground

IV.

Most beauteous spot ! yon castle rears its head
Beneath the glory of the sunset rays,
There is mind-beauty round the ruin shed,
And river rhymes are rippling Wyatt's praise.
E'en now the whisper of the golden hours
Wafteth his name along the perfumed breeze ;
'Tis rung still joyous in the bells of flowers,
And sung enamoured by the full-leaved trees,
And Allington is sacred as a shrine :
His name, as ivy, clingeth to the walls,
Giving them life and beauty that's divine,
Which song immortal to the soul recalls :
For he did light the arches of his age
With genius, love, and song, the poet's heritage.

V.

For genius lives for aye ; it cannot die.
Life's tossing waves o'er all things ceaseless roll,
Yet touches not this birthright from on high,
God-given glory of a deathless soul—

Though demons, envying the enkindling fire,
May raise dark mists, to quell it in its birth,
Yet still it soars, resistless from the mire,
Freed from the trammels, 'luming heav'n and earth
Spreading its wings, dew-spangled, full of light,
And strong in love, and beautiful, and free.
O God-descended, from the source of might,
There is no spell entranceth like to thee :
Thou'rt writ in stars, while Time a banner furl'd,
Showeth thy beauty to an admiring world.

VI.

And here was Wyatt born : methinks that day
Rose radiant blushing on the earth and sea,
And Medway's waters, as they swept away,
Had undertones of joyful melody ;
Singing in silvery notes, all low and sweet :
A bard is born, let's whisper to the wind,
And tell the joy to every fay we meet ;
A bard is born, the glory of mankind
The sleeping babe shall be, a royal child
Noble of heart and mind, for poesy
Shall haunt his soul, and every good combined
Shall gild his name with immortality.
So sung old Nature, on th' auspicious morn,
Her incense songs of him, the newly born.

VII.

Fit cradle for a bard, romantic place !

Where Nature fosters all things, good and fair.

Where Beauty revels with a matchless grace,

And Plenty weaves her garlands everywhere.

Here he did rove in bright-haired infancy,

Here he did stray, a young impassioned child,

'Mid the pure joys that throng life's early way,

Here wandered wayward, roving free, and wild.

But oh ! not lonely, for a rich delight

Hath the young bard implanted in his breast,

And visions crowding, glory-touched, and bright

With soul communings favoured 'bove the rest ;

Solemn, and vague, and sweet, as is the swell

Of the wave-music in an ocean shell.

VIII.

And now we see him in his earnest youth,

Leaving the castled home, awhile to be

Tossed in the world,—yet love, and faith, and truth,

Writ in his heart, dwelt with him constantly ;

For years have flown, and many shadows cast

Upon the light and summer-hearted boy ;

A wanderer far, he looks upon the past,

And ponders wisely on Hope's fleeting joy ;

For he has known of pleasure, and of pain,

And tasted love and friendship, pure and high ;

A beauteous Queen the Poet's love did gain,
In those far days of courteous chivalry :
And though a King her love and life did claim,
'Tis Wyatt's glory gilds Boleyna's name.

IX.

And Anna Boleyn has her name enrolled,
Not for her beauty only : that may pass ;
Not for her treasures of high state and gold,
Fleeting and fading as the summer grass ;
Not as a coarse King's Queen : her transient power
O'er his rude heart soon ended in despair ;
Not for her calmness in the death-stained hour,
Does she the glory of th' immortal wear.
But brightly Anna, 'tis for aye enwrought
In the undying tracery of the bard,
Love-linked with his, in soul-enkindled thought,
High 'bove the fame a sensual King conferred :
His life was perilled by his love for thee—
Thy young life lost, to live eternally.

X.

There is a love in poets' souls has birth,
Fond, sweet, and pure, a high harmonious love,
Impassioned, with a passion not of earth,
Nearest the bliss the angels hold above,

That others mete not of, nor can they tell
How comes it ; yet methinks 'tis thrilling sweet,
A spirit ecstasy, in which doth dwell
The subtle flow of kindred souls that meet
Untrammelled in the higher home of thought,
The unlost Edens of the mind's domain,
Where hues from Heaven in fancy's web are caught,
Pure golden links in life's earth-tarnished chain ;
Dante, and Petrarch, Wyatt, each have known
This mighty spell around some idol thrown.

XI.

Once more we hail the Poet's glad return
From courtier life, to this calm home of rest ;
And Nature's heart methinks did inly yearn
To clasp the wanderer to her fervid breast.
What beauty greets him ; oh, how soft and fair
The breezy perfume, and the balmy breath,
After the turmoil and the treacherous glare
Of fevered courts, where mailed arm of death
Was raised above him, and imprisonment
Became his lot awhile, though he did rise
From malice wiles, and cruel banishment ;
The mists, foe-raised, soon vanished from the skies
For Truth rose up to vindicate her sway,
Spreading her radiance on his darkened day.

XII.

'Twas here he loved to dwell—here he would stray,
Entranced and happy in the moon-lit hours,
Would watch these waters, as they glide away,
The wondrous lights on woodland, stream, and
flowers;
Here watched fair eve, sunk in the arms of Night,
On the star-jewelled and enamoured breast,
See earth sleep soft in Cynthia's silver light,
With every harp of Nature breathing rest,
While her great heart lay tranced in fair dreams,
(Soothed into silence day's discordant jars,)
Till all was hushed, and the pale tender beams
Shone in their beauty, and the burning stars
Spoke to the soul in language deep and high,
Of God, of heaven, and immortality.

XIII.

Here hailed Aurora, when the fragrant air
Still holds the echoes of the angel's feet,
Retreating heaven-ward, and the nightly prayer
Leaveth a cadence ling'ring, pure and sweet;
Such morns, when Paradise seems all come back,
An Eden quiet, and an Eden bloom,
Felt, seen, pervading, and the sin-stain'd track
Joy's long grass covers, and e'en Sorrow's tomb
Is softened o'er with beauty, and bright leaves
Glisten and gleam high on the broken towers,

And Peace comes dove-like to the soul that grieves,
Filling its gardens with dew-laden flowers ;
And earth itself is kindled into mind,
Swept by the spirit of the God-tuned wind.

XIV.

Here watched the Night, star-spangled, angel-trod ;
Soul-soothing pause, when pulse of human life
Beats musically ; as an ark of God,
The world upborne, above the toil and strife
Of day tumultuous, by our Father's love
Placed on an Ararat of delightful rest ;
When drowsy Sleep, dark-pinioned from above,
Boweth his head in grandeur on his breast,
When silver pinions throng the list'ning air,
Fanning the dew-drops on the fainting flowers,
And silent angels touch the lids of care,
With holy balms from God's celestial bowers,
When stillness reigns, save in dim distant caves,
The murm'rous music of life's solemn waves.

XV.

Those solemn waves ! Ah, poet, tell me, say,
Did their deep music stir thy soul within
With mournful thought, half blinded with the spray ?
Say, could'st thou worship, though the soil and sin

Wearied thy heart ? For thee, the holy light
Of Faith lit up the waters to a glow ;
And 'mid the storm, the battle, and the night,
Thy heart *could* say, '*Tis well, He wills it so.*
In quivering anguish, thou couldst breathe the
prayer,
Thy will be done ! oh, draw me nearer Thee :
Though clouds and darkness fill the troubled air,
I will not pry into deep mystery ;
Resting assured, Jehovah at the helm,
Still the waves, they dare not overwhelm.

XVI.

Here Nature's voices would instruct thy heart,
And teach her child through ever-varying mood,
And ripening lessons to the soul impart,
Love-emphasized in holy solitude ;
Here thou would'st ponder on strange Destiny,
For thou didst struggle in her web of fate,
Didst learn how weak the will to baffle oft may be,
How she can leave the altars desolate,
Of our torn heart, its idols growing dim
That we with love and yearning long have raised
To the clear heights for our pure worshipping,
And fondest adorations as we gazed ;
The winged soul still thirsting, finding this—
Earth holds no home for Love's divinest bliss.

XVII.

But see : the night grows heavy on the hills,
His mantle folds thick falling everywhere,
Star-gemmed, and regal, while impassioned trills
From Philomela fill the list'ning air.
Night's lonely Sappho ! that didst round me cast
Thy tender breathing and enchanting lay,
See how thy songs have waked the slumb'ring past,
And wiled my spirit from its cares away ;
Full-souled and rapturous ! in this silent grove,
Pour forth thy lays of wondrous melody,
Though I no longer 'neath the spell may rove,
Let Wyatt's towers receive thy minstrelsy.
Fit temple 'tis for thee, where he did dwell,
Lived, loved, and sang : bright Allington, farewell !

NOTES taken from the Works of HENRY HOWARD, EARL OF SURREY, and of SIR THOMAS WYATT THE ELDER, edited by Geo. Fred. Nott, D.D., F.S.A.

I.

THE year 1503 was the time, and Allington Castle the place signalised by the birth of our Poet.

It is said of him that he had a noble appearance, a form where, according to Surrey, "force and beauty met," a face of perfect symmetry, eyes of dazzling lustre, a mouth of singular sweetness, and a carriage distinguished alike by dignity and ease—the dignity of the oak, and the yielding grace of the willow. His accomplish-

ments, too, were extensive, and yet hung elegantly about him, waving to his outline freely like the toga—not sternly girding him around like the tunic.

He spoke French, Italian, and Spanish, like English; besides being thoroughly acquainted with the classical languages. He sang too, and played skilfully upon the lute; excelled in the art of conversation, particularly in repartee, was already celebrated as a poet, and formed altogether an unequalled specimen of the high-born cavalier of the period—of the soldier and the scholar, the gentleman and the genius.

As to the first twelve years of the poet's life, biography is silent.

II.

In 1525 he took part in a grand feat of arms which was performed at Greenwich at Christmas. Wyatt was one of the sixteen challengers; and the enterprise began the day after St. John the Evangelist's Day, and lasted till the 8th of February, when "every man having journey'd as his course came, and many a sword being broken, and many a good stripe given, and every man having stricken his full number of twelve strokes, the combatants were severed and disarmed, and the achievement closed." Those who have the opportunity of consulting '*Hall's Chronicles*,' will find there a full and glowing picture of this splendid passage of arms, which the graceful and gallant courtesy of the combatants, the quaint titles and devices, the presence of the most beautiful and illustrious ladies, whose eyes

"Reign influence and decide the prize,"

the gorgeous costumes, and the mazy dances, which alternated with the mock fights, must have rendered enchanting—reminding one of the gentle and joyous passage of arms at Ashby in *Ivanhoe*, and exciting a renewal of the old sigh of Burke, because the age of chivalry is gone!

III.

It is supposed that Wyatt first became acquainted with Anne Boleyn at the French Court, where she was becoming distinguished

for her beauty and accomplishments, that he afterwards renewed his acquaintance with her when she was in attendance upon Queen Catherine in England. The situation he held at Court must have given him frequent opportunities both of seeing and conversing with her. Anne Boleyn's personal charms and manners were such as could not but have attracted Wyatt's admiration; whilst his own were of a nature likely to make an impression upon her youthful and susceptible mind. Anne Boleyn and Wyatt were both nearly of the same age, they had the same love of polite accomplishments, and were fond of poetry and music; excelled in wit and conversation; and both probably had contracted a predilection for the ease and elegance of foreign manners.

IV.

The King, after his manner, had become enamoured of this lovely and accomplished woman, and manifestly with him *to desire* was to have, and Anne Boleyn was ill-fated enough to become his Queen. It is said, however, "that she still cherished a grateful and tender recollection of her former friend, and to have contributed to the advancement of his fortunes. She certainly continued to read and to admire his sonnets, and retained his sister about her person as her favourite and confidential attendant."

V.

It is certain that Wyatt was questioned as to his intimacy with the unfortunate Queen, and he more than once alludes not only to the necessity he had been under of relinquishing his mistress, because a King had set his affections upon her, but tells us plainly that his life had nearly paid the price of his temerity.

VI.

The tragic story of the unfortunate Anne Boleyn is too well-known to be here detailed. Henry had long ceased to regard her as the object of desire, and having turned his light and wavering affections towards the Lady Jane Seymour, it was resolved that his innocent and unsuspecting Queen should be sacrificed, for she stood

in the way of his gratification. She was therefore accused of infidelity to the royal bed; and many a disgraceful story was circulated to calumniate the devoted victim.

VII.

Through the insinuations of Bonner, Henry's wrath was roused against the poet, and he was thrown into the Tower, where he was treated with great severity.

VIII.

Wyatt now retired to Allington, where he amused himself with writing his Satires, addressed to John Points, in which he gives a decided and eloquent preference to a country, over a town life—the result, doubtless, of his own individual experience, since all his happy days had been passed at his ancestral seat.

Hé expired at the age of thirty-nine years.

In verse 8—In using the expression, “A beauteous Queen,” I am aware that Anne Boleyn was not really at this time Queen in the sense of being the wife of the King, but I use the term as it is used by many writers, Ruskin for instance, “Queens ye must always be,” &c. She was a Queen of Society by right of her beauty, her wit, and intelligence.

THE REVERIE.

It was a small encircled bay,
The rocks around were bold and bright,
And rocks, and hills, and waters lay
 All flooded o'er with light ;
The harvest moon was on the wave,
And lighted up the coral cave,
 And glittered on the shore ;
There was no sound save soft and low,
The wavelets in their murmuring flow,
Like vague sweet music of the mind,
Or love-song of the whispering wind
 Repeated o'er and o'er.

Entranced I stood, for soon I heard
From rocks, and caves, and woods, and dells,
A sound of rustling wings that stirred,
And tinkling notes of silver bells,
Revealing to my raptured sight
The fairies on their festive night ;
Some from the castle on the brow
Of yonder hill are coming now ;
Now on the margin of the moat,
Now 'neath the Gothic arches float,
Now on the sands they smiling meet,
And lightly fall their fairy feet.

With laugh and song they clustering flock
To a cool fountain in the rock,
Where water falls with pleasant sound
On many a blossom blooming round ;
And ferns and moss, and autumn trees
Hang round in gorgeous tapestries.
Here, sea-weed, shells, and glist'ning pearls
They wreath among their glossy curls ;
Now dance they on the yellow sands,
Beside the bounding sea ;
I watch them link their beauteous hands,
And dance right merrily ;
And many a sea-flower, fresh and fair,
Falls from their long, bright golden hair,
And many a rosy shell.

They float and glide, the frail fair things,
With airy step and trembling wings,
With scarfs of blue, and robes of white,
All gleaming in the softened light ;
And while they tread the mazy dance
Their eyes upon each other beam,
As crystal clear as heaven's own glance
Reflected in the purling stream ;
And thus awhile the hours are spent
In song, and mirth, and merriment.

But last I saw them as they stood,
A bright, aerial multitude,

Just on the margin of the flood,
And grouped around a tiny car,
Where proudly sat the Fairy Queen,
And many a bright phosphoric star
Upon her purple robe is seen ;
“ Sit round me, Fairies mine,” she said,
“ Come to your Queen : draw near ! ”
Then lightly raised each graceful head,
And every lip was hushed to hear :
“ Go, paint the flowers with mystic dyes,
“ Go, guard the young birds in their nest :
“ Go, ope the daisy’s starry eyes,
“ And plume the robin’s ruddy breast ;
“ Give delicate shells their changing hue,
“ And beautiful insects tend in death ;
“ The languid buds rebathe in dew,
“ Breathe into their bosoms your odorous breath ;
“ Garland the ruin with ivy leaves,
“ Quietly cover the new-made grave,
“ Comfort the spirit that over it grieves :
“ To-night we will shelter, and succour and save.
“ Hie away ! hie away ! our work must be done
“ Ere the break of the day, or light of the sun.”

Then rapturously the fairy throng
Tuned one sweet parting lay,
Then hush’d the harp : the music gone,
They floated fast away,
Repeating, as they onward sped,
The parting words their Queen had said :

“ Hie away ! hie away ! our work must be done,
Ere the break of the day, or light of the sun.”

Fainter, fainter grew the sound,
Echoed by the rocks around ;
Fainter, fainter, till I woke,
And morn the spell of beauty broke,
And jocund Day, with flashing eyes,
Rose victor over sea and skies :
And man, and sorrow, care and strife,
Resumed the dusty road of life.



GOD'S ANGELS.

FAR in the glory of the sun-set clouds
Angels methinks are there ;
But most where hearts, lone hearts, pale grief enshrouds,
They stand with radiant hair.

They watch o'er children in their rosy bloom,
And o'er the trembling, desolate, and weak,
With stricken mourners weeping at a tomb,
With o'ercharged hearts that break.

In solemn beauty, and in strength and power,
Comes the soul's guardian from his home afar,
To stand beside us in temptation's hour,
Pure as a glittering star.

They see all clear what mortals cannot know,
Each spring of thought the cloudless Angels find :
Our dearest friends misjudge us, and are slow
Deciphering heart and mind.

They read our wants and give us tenderest care ;
Tuned by one heart of love, their bosoms beat ;
They know the trials we are called to bear,
The thorns that pierce our feet.

They teach us mysteries of life and death,
In the soul's silence breathing hallowed things,
With heaven's hushed music in their fragrant breath,
God's glory on their wings.

Faith's ladder pales not, Angels yet are found
All beauteous in calm and holy light ;
Their silver robes have skirted many a cloud
Thronging the purple night.

Swift from the golden gates they come and go,
And glad fulfil their Master's high behest,
Bringing celestial balms for human woe,
Blessing and being bless'd.

The Tempter hath his legions ; earth is trod
By their hard feet imprinting sin and care,
And shall not they, the pure white souls of God,
Lift their high influence where

A soul is wrestling?—see Gethsemane ;
E'en to our Christ the holy Angels came,
They waited on Him in His Agony,
Shrouding in wings of flame.

And have not we sore need, the faith to hold,
Of the surrounding of the Angel bands ;
'Mid all earth's dust to trace their steps of gold
And feel the uplifting hands ?

To feel them near in hours of toil and weeping ;
With reverence hail each soul's celestial guest ;
Till they shall come, the final Harvest reaping,
To fold us into rest.



NEVER DESPAIR.

THOUGH clouds are surrounding the angel of Hope,
And trials throng thickly, with darkness we cope,
The starry wing'd spirit, God-mission'd and fair,
But tarries awhile,—*O never despair !*

Whatever thy sorrow, 'twill soon disappear,
There's a glimmer of sunshine on leaves that are sere ;
There's a voice in the future that bids thee prepare
For joys 'twill yet give thee,—*O never despair !*

From the crushed heart within thee the shadows will roll,
And stronger shall shine forth the beams of thy soul
From the partial eclipse, then bravely repair
To the scene of the conflict,—but *never despair!*

Like a warrior go forth, in the strength and the might
Of a brave noble spirit, unconquered and bright,
And grapple with anguish, a hero to dare,
And tread on the neck of the giant Despair.

There's a victory sure in the end of a fight,
O'ercoming and quelling, if sought for aright :
Then banish the tyrant, thick-darkening the air,
The ice of the heart's-life,—the demon Despair.

And God will be with thee, thy prayers shall be heard,
And angels' invisible shields be thy guard ;
The brave heart undaunted will triumph o'er care,
Let the wayfarer's life be undimmed by *despair!*

We know not our strength, till sorely 'tis tried,
The weapon of warfare in blood must be dyed ;
The spirit must struggle in passion and prayer,
Then the palm of the victor shall wave o'er Despair.

THE SIEGE OF CALAIS.

It was the siege of Calais. Edward's troops
Set round the city like an iron fence,
And those within grew hungered nigh to death,
Starving and famished in the city walls.
Day after day the pent-up people sighed,
And longed for succour, but no helper came.
Meanwhile their King was seeking everywhere
For means and men to drive the invader forth :
The laity were compelled to yield their wealth,
And even holy Church was fleeced and robbed
To meet the need of Philip in the war.

Keen grew the faces of the imprisoned men,
While wolf-like Hunger stalkèd in the streets,
And mothers were despairing nigh to death,
And little children wailed upon their breasts.

But now, upon their darkness rose a light,
For in the distance, warm against the sky,
Their country's banners crimsoned in the breeze ;
And Philip, with two hundred thousand men,
Drew near to help them, and their hearts beat high ;
Gay flags were hung thick on the city walls,
Great bonfires lighted, quick joy pulsed the air,

Music was in the streets, and famished men
Gave utterance to delight in shout and song.

And so the King drew near them, 'till he saw
How strong entrenched was his enemy ;
For Edward's warriors gathered strongly round,
While countless vessels combed the list'ning sea.
Their noble ships full of well-armèd men
Kept watch and ward upon the fretting waves,
Their boats thick-crowded on the yellow sands,
And Philip failed to force a passage through.
Each causeway bristled with his valiant men,
While tower and drawbridge looked defiant down
Laughing to scorn the efforts of the King.
He could not enter, so he turned away;
Yet not before he challenged England's King
" To come and fight him in the open field."

Now died all hope within the city walls,
The camp fire she had lighted paled in death,
And bitter cries and wailing rent the air ;
They tore the late-hung joy-flags from the walls
With clutch of hands, made wrathful by despair,
Yet left one banner on the highest tower,
To tell the misery of the dying men.
Their nation's flag drooped low dejectedly,
In air made heavy with their mournful sighs,
Till, with fierce cries wrung from their flaming hearts,
Stung with the anguish of their last extreme,

This soon they lowered, and with desperate hands
The English banner hoisted up instead,
Which said full plainly—"We are beaten now ;
We must surrender : we can bear no more."

Then came Sir Walter Manny, who was sent
To speak with John of Vienne, o'er the wall,
And John of Vienne told him how that now
The people died of hunger, and he asked
The life and freedom of the citizens
As sole condition of surrendering.

Sir Walter gave no hope, because he knew
His master's heart quick-thirsted for revenge ;
"But surely," said De Vienne, "such as he
Can value courage even in his foes ;
A prince so gallant ought to honour still
The brave endurance of these valiant men."

Sir Walter felt the justice of the plea,
And went again to try and move the King ;
But Edward was incensèd more because
The men of Calais had endured so long,
And held out bravely to the bitter end.
That courage in his foes he would not see,
Which, in his friends, were high, commendable !
This only mitigation would he give,—

"Six of your chiefest men come to our camp,
Bare-headed and bare-footed let them be,
One only garment on them they shall wear ;
Six citizens with halters round their necks,

And let them bring the keys of castle and
Of city in their hands ;
To my resentment, these be sacrificed
Instead of the whole people," said the King.
O John of Vienne, sad thy lot once more
To stab afresh the bleeding hearts that wait
Sad ultimatum ! Dreadful sacrifice !
Dim blur upon the royal Edward's name.

Back to the city John of Vienne went :
The bells of all the churches now are rung,
To tell the doleful tidings to the town.
Eager the people to the market-place
Came thronging, sad and hungry men,
To know the hard will of their conqueror,
And he informed them what the King had said.
Now louder yet lamentings filled the air :
All shrank aghast from this dread sacrifice,
Till one stood up,—one Eustace de St. Pierre,
A man distinguished in the place, arose
And spoke out boldly, with a god-like calm :

" O gentlemen," said he, " both great and small,
He who shall save the people of this town
By price of his own blood shall well deserve
Doubtless of God and men. I will be one
To offer now my head to England as
A ransom for this hardly-conquered town."

Oh, thought he of the holy Christ that died ?
Methinks this mainspring moved his manly heart,
For greatness cometh only from the Lord.
At his high resolve the people's hearts were touched,
They wept and wailed, and soon, 'mid sobs and cries,
Five other saviours offered up themselves
To die with him, to set the people free.

Ere long they were prepared ; complying with
The mandate, they disrobed, and halters mean
'Circled their noble necks ; and oh ! methinks
Glad silent angels helped them from the Lord.

Now, John of Vienne led his braves to death,
He rode beside them, for he could not walk
(So weak with wounds and fasting was Sir John),
While women, children, and heart-broken men
Followed them weeping to the city gates.

Then came these heroes to the English camp,
And were conducted quickly to the King ;
They knelt before him, giving up the keys,
Imploring humbly, mercy at his hands.
But Edward looked with stern displeasure down,
And ordered them at once to instant death.
Then e'en the knights and barons, on their knees,
Implored the King to save these noble men !
The Prince of Wales, too, pleaded for their lives,
But all unmoved the frowning monarch stood.

The brave Sir Walter Manny dared to say,
“Such act were stain upon the royal name ;”
At this the King made stern grimace, and called
The headsman to perform his shameful will.

And now his Queen—the royal Philippa—
Draws near towards him, bending meekly there,
And kneeling low with closest urgency ;
“Ah ! gentle sire,” she cried, “since in deep danger
I have crossed the seas, I’ve asked you nothing ;
I do entreat you, for the sake of Holy Mary’s Son,
And for your love of me, have mercy, oh,
Have mercy on these men !”

And she had right to ask, for she had done
Queen duty nobly for her absent lord ;
She came to tell him how her troops had won
For him great victory at Neville’s Cross ;
How she had kept his kingdom from the Scots,
And that she held their monarch captive.
Joyful news ! glad, welcome tidings she was
Bringing to the King ; and as she knelt,
Most touching was the beauty of the Queen,
For few more suns would western goldenly
Before her little princess would be born.

Harder than stone were Edward’s stubborn heart,
Could he refuse her : beauty and faithfulness,
Courage and love, and grace, low suppliant there.

“Oh, dame!” he cried, “I would indeed that you
Were absent now to-day ; for how can I
Deny you aught ? Take these six men,
Do with them as you will.”

Oh, supreme moment of her keen delight !
The Queen uprising warmly thanked the King ;
Soon were the citizens re-robed again
In garments fitting ; to her tent they came,
To the repast her thoughtful love had spread ;
Then to each ransomed one she gave six nobles,
And sent them guarded to the city gates.

“ *Holy Mary’s Son ;*” here was the keynote
Of her fragrant deed, her prayerful heart
(Responsive in fair movement from the Lord)
Was moved with pity for the saviour-men.
She knew the hearts of kings were in His hands,
And Edward’s melted to her pleading cry ;
And she was queenlier in that act of grace
Than sitting crowned on Coronation Day.

O queenly Queen, and woman, and dear saint !
O sweet God-stars that shine along the dark !
O brave St. Pierre, with your hero friends !
O fair white deed of true beneficence !
Joy-singing ’bove the war cries of the age,
Like sweet church music with a silver chime,
The *then*, and *now*, and *ever* ringing it,

Because it came from the Eternal One.
May some great poet yet in after time,
Free of the teaching of short-sighted men
(With prophet vision clear from film of use),
Place such pure deeds where He would have them
placed :
And blood, and war, and carnage mark and weigh,
With gain, and loss, as the All-Father weighs.
We shall rejoice when such a poet comes,
With straight fair teaching from the heart of Christ,
To make men nobler by his truer lays,
And show us where, in all the ages past,
The real glory glimmered from the Lord.

THE SNOWDROP.

SWEET Snowdrop ! pensive child of spring,
Pure as an infant's early breath ;
Untainted by the touch of sin,
The margin flower 'tween life and death.

For Nature's heart has scarcely felt
The throb of life when you arise,
Or Winter's shroud of snow to melt,
Before ye ope your beauteous eyes.

How fair ye are, how calmly fair !
Methinks an angel's spotless wing
Must touch the earth, and upward there,
In gratitude, your blossoms spring.

Like Pity, meekly bending low,
O'er the sad earth ye seem to be,
As though ye knew and felt the woe,
The griefs that try mortality.

Ye whisper kindly to the heart,
And to your gentle voice is given
A soothing power to stay its smart,
And lift the yearning heart to Heaven.

" See how we bloom," ye softly say ;
" Oh, raise to God a grateful hymn,
He will provide for you alway,
If you but put your trust in Him,—

" For surely He who guards the flowers,
Protects the children of the sod,
Will shield you when the tempest lowers :
LOOK STEADFAST UP, have faith in God."



SUNSET BY THE RIVER SIDE.

It is a river, broad and deep,
Illumined by the sunset glow,
Its waters in their winding sweep
Low rippling come and go.
High shady banks upon the side,
With golden autumn trees,
Embosoming the quiet tide,
And cradling the breeze.
And little islands here and there,
Where tiny breakers play,
Caressing round, with pleasant sound,
And foamy crest display ;
As, sweeping to the sedgy side,
In graceful curves away they glide,
The margin flowers to woo and kiss,
With whispers from the fount of bliss,
And spray-pearls o'er them fling.

Here little nooks, all cool and fair,
Still, shadowy, and sweet,
Where water-spirits all the day
Had sheltered from the heat ;
Where airy forms and trembling things
Had nestled in the lily blooms,

A pearly glitter on their wings,
Adrowse 'mid rich perfumes,
Till, waking into life and song,
They're borne upon the stream along,
And their low murmured melody
Is mingling in the call,
And joining in the revelry
Of a distant waterfall.
More near, a gush of happy notes,
Breaking the silence with its trills,
Blending with zephyr as it floats,
And the low laugh of mountain rills.
E'en cattle in the shallow stream
Are standing in a deep content,
As though their tranquil souls would glean
Some meaning in the vision sent.

And prouder curve the waters where
A ruin rears its lordly pile,
Glad singing to the list'ning air
Its legends in a rippling rhyme.
While in the depths of yonder wood,
The cooing of the dove
Gives tenderness to solitude,
Wakes poetry and love.
And the far mountains, angel-trod,
' Hoary, and grand, and high,
Flooded with glory from their God,
Glow 'neath the kindled sky ;

They lift their noble heads aloft,
Beneath a thousand gleams,
As hush'd, and beautifully soft,
As childhood 'mid its dreams.

And, grander yet, high overhead,
Pil'd cloud-hills lakes of fire enfold,
All lurid in the deep'ning red,
Height above height of burning gold
Surrounds the day-god, as he hies
To rest upon the distant sea ;
While heaven, and earth, and sea, and skies,
Are bath'd in ever-varying dyes
Of wondrous alchemy.
For the King in his beauty passes by,
And his chariot wheels are in the sky,
And his mantle falls, and the dewy sod
Is alive in the smile of the living God.

In such a scene, in such an hour,
The spirit feels a sense of joy
Intoxicate, no earthly power
Could give or can destroy ;
For waves of heavenly music steal
Delicious o'er the rising soul,
And o'er the quivering harp we feel
Bright waves of rapture roll.
For Nature as a priestess stands,

In glory and in beauty drest ;
With fervid prayer, and claspèd hands,
And wrapt brow passion'd to the West ;
And in this shimmering after-glow
Are pulsings of diviner light,
As though Joy's waves did overflow
The jewell'd wall of Heaven to-night ;
And angels their sweet songs outpour,
Till Heaven itself doth overbrim ;
And say, shall man, with closèd door,
Not let the King of Glory in ?
Lift up ye gates, oh, lift them up,
Ye everlasting doors give way !
Come, take the sweet o'erflowing cup
Of love and worship, till we pray,—
Creator, Lord, of Life and Light
Pure Spirit, on our spirits move,
Teach us the *duty of delight*,
That in *our* life its power we prove.

Let our hearts melt, as did the pearl
Of Egypt's queen in ruddy wine ;
Yearning to thee, O King of Kings,
The great Lord God divine.
All nature joyfully obeys
The sceptre that Thy wisdom sways.
A loyal bride, she bringeth sweet
Her woven garlands to Thy feet,
And every grass-blade of the sod
Answers the heart-beat of a God ;

In an unbroken harmony
She singeth everlastingly,
Through earth, air, sea, beneath, above,—
Life is beauty, and God is love.
The Spirit and the Bride say, *Come* ;
And here, if human hearts are dumb,
The very stones would cry us shame !

GATHERED IN.

QUIETLY folded in rest,
Quietly gathered in,
Out of the wild unrest,
Out of the battle's din ;
No more aching pain,
No more trembling fear,
Broken the iron chain
That held her captive here.

We think on her olden ways,
The path she meekly trod,
There are the glory rays
Lighting it still from God ;
But we are so sad, you know,
We cannot help but weep,
We miss our darling so,
Climbing alone on the steep.

Ah me ! there is wine in the cup,
But oh, 'tis bitter awhile,
And we look sobbingly up,
Missing her radiant smile.
Here is her wonted place,
Here is her own little room,
But where is the sweet young face
Lighting it up into bloom ?

Say, then, shall we call her back ?
Nay rather, through tears we'll see
Her beautiful golden track,
As she walks by the jasper sea.
Quietly folded in rest,
Quietly gathered in,
Glorified, beautified, blest,
Freed from the burden of sin.



LIFE'S BATTLE.

LET us conquer, let us conquer,
In the battle-field of life,
Brave souls never should be vanquished,
Though they weary in the strife.

Onward, Upward, calm enduring,
Let us meet the stern array,
We've a Captain to command us—
Dash the blinding tear away !

Down with thee, delusive pleasure,
Soul, the Empress, bids thee go,
No enslaver shall invade her :
Firm she answers, No !

Duty as a star will guide us
With a fix'd unerring light,
Victory will crown our efforts,
If we struggle for the right.

Nor repine with dull complaining,
Discontent the soul will shroud ;
Sorrow holds the highest teaching,
In the flame, and in the cloud.

Trials will beset us, many ;
Courage ! lift each languid eye,
Look unto the standard-bearer :
It were weak to turn and fly.

See the banner o'er us waving,
Talisman against despair,
Youthful chief, and aged veteran,
Faith and trust are written there.

Are you " toiling in the rowing,"
If with Christ your effort be,
See, His infinite compassion
Sweeps your Galilean sea.

Is the ship on wild waves tossing,
Does the Lord in it abide ?
He will bear you o'er the billows
Safely to "the other side."

Cheerfully His soldiers marching
(Holy love alive within),
Steadfast, firm, each fear repelling,
We may be all-conquering.

Victors ! when the march is ended
Ye resign well-wielded swords ;
Through triumphal arches ent'ring,
Ye shall have your rich rewards.

By the life, death cannot sever,
By the glory of that goal,
Let the Upward, Onward, ever
Ring their echoes through the soul.



IN MEMORIAM.

(MY SISTER, MARY IANSON.)

THE tidings smote us like a blow,
Long I was dumb, I could not sing :
I only knew Death laid thee low,
And sat all mute and sorrowing.

Swift flowed the tide from out the sea,
Whose big wave moan'd along the shore,—
Death, Death, has taken our belov'd,
And we shall see her face no more.

Our hearts leapt up, all warm and strong,
With loving hands outstretch'd to hold ;
But love and yearning backward rushed,
For Mary lay all icy cold.

And yet so sweetly did she die ;
Our darling's face meek turned to Christ :
(Though all so swift the Reaper came),
Her simple faith in Him sufficed.

And she has reached the golden goal,
For which men strive through doubts and fears :
The starry height of glory gained,
Without the toil of pilgrim years.

So swiftly ebb'd her life away,
Not called to struggle up the steep :
And now the child-heart rests with God,
“ He giveth His beloved sleep.”

And in grief's after-calm *we* say,
Rest, Mary, our beloved, rest :
Life's tossing waves are not for thee,
Thy soul is lulled on Jesu's breast.

THE MOONLIGHT, THE ANGEL, AND
THE CHILD.

FAIR glide the moonbeams on their way,
Into a chamber small and bright,
Where a rosy infant dreaming lay
Impictured in a sea of light.
One tiny hand so softly set,
Lay dimpled on the coverlet,
The other, laced with many a thread
Of golden sheen, lay 'neath his head ;
A little field-flower in his fingers,
And here the loving moonlight lingers,
Smiling, beneficent, and bland,
In silence o'er that cherub hand,
Enamoured of its perfect mould.

And, lo ! an angel standeth by
In the cot's spotless drapery :
Her eyes are large and full of light,
Her form all dazzling to the sight ;
" Spirit," I cried, " oh, guard him well,
Thou know'st what's written in the bell
Of that sweet flower, what time the sun
Will ripen into bloom or blight,
If here on earth his race be run.
Thy wings are folded as in rest,
Thy hands are crossed upon thy breast,

Yet power is written on thy brow,
And though thou standest tranquil now
Beside the sleeper, tell me, say,
When ripened years have borne away
The baby gold that lights his hair,
And he is schooled by life and care ;
In those far years, wilt thou be near
Through fevered ills to guide and cheer ?
Art thou his friend in weal and woe,
In sunshine, tempest, storm, and snow,
To help him fight the fiends that wait,
Old serpents, round youth's Eden gate ?
Say, wilt thou kindle holy fire
At his soul's altar, growing higher,
Undimmed for aye, 'mid cloud and mist,
Until the crowning amethyst
Of heaven's glittering wall be past,
And he,—a spirit purified,
Into the crystal halls shall glide,
To reach, like thee, perfected good,
Among the angelic multitude ?”

The angel opened her beamy eyes,
Lit with pure rays from Paradise,
And with a smile of wondrous love,
Spoke of the angel hosts above ;
Then, of the child,—“ Did he here stay,
'Twere mine to watch him night and day ;
But e'er yon moon's perfected round,
Is seen again, I shall be found

Beside his mother's drooping heart ;
E'en now I must in haste depart,
To tell her in night's warning dreams,
Of a small robe of woven beams,
The angels in their love prepare
For him, the little sleeper there.
I see his life as it would be,
Were he permitted here to stay,
Full ripen'd into misery,
And lost, at last, in senseless clay.
But he a child of heaven shall be,
A cherub early called to rest,
And crowned with immortality,
Though folded dead upon her breast :
And she will weep as mothers must,
Whose warm lips touch their early dead ;
Yet God will give her love and trust,
By resignation gently led,
Soon will she deem her angel boy,
(Whose soul her yearning soul will meet),
More beautiful in heaven's joy
Than robed in life, however sweet ;
And grief no longer shall be wild,
For she will learn her tears to quell :
Seeing how Christ had saved her child,
Her trembling lips will say, 'Tis well ;
Ah ! better far his destiny,
Moved early from earth's sullen sod ;
A glory-crownèd infancy,
Encradled in the arms of God."

The moonbeams from the chamber crept
To where the youthful mother slept.
How calm she lay, how still and fair !
Yet soon I heard her sobbing prayer.
The angel's mission was fulfilled,
And in that gentle heart distilled
Presentiment that death would come
To take her heart's first treasure home.

The moonbeams paled, an opening ray
Rivered the East, to herald day,
The angel's trailing skirts of gold
Scattered a fragrance manifold,
As o'er the ebon steps of night
She rose to her own home of light.

BEYOND.

IN that BEYOND, shall wake no mournful grieving,
No shadow on life's pathway will be seen ;
No sore regrets for ills all past retrieving,
No painful soul-dirge of—" It might have been

Like a sad bell, to ring its plaintive measure,
Over our golden corn struck down with rain ;
No cold neglect to mock love's wasted treasure,
Or chill the heart with pangs of bitter pain.

No parting with our lov'd ones, no more keeping
A tearful watch beside our silent dead ;
The solemn Reaper will have done His reaping,
The leaves of life will be no longer shed.

For in that land the heart will know no sorrow,
Nor every spirit have its "wailing-place ;"
No shade of fear will cloud the promis'd morrow,
Or hope grow dim on suffering's patient face.

No grief, no pain ; for He who knew life's story
Will wipe all tears with His kind hand away,
The stifled heart-cries change to songs of glory,
The gloom of night transform to endless day.

O bright BEYOND ! though ocean waves are swelling,
And Autumn leaves are falling thick and fast ;
Though solemn winds of waste and wreck are telling,
Through Him we love, we'll reach our Home at last.

That radiant home, beyond our heart's best longing,
The glorious rest beside the crystal sea,
Where the redeem'd the golden gates are thronging,
And Faith and Love their full fruition see.

MORNING ON THE DARRAN

(SOUTH WALES).

IN memory I see it now, it rises on my sight,
That morning vision, beautiful, on Darran's craggy
height ;
I see the white clouds passing on, and wild my bosom
thrills,
As I watch them march, like giant hosts, above the
waking hills.

Still strangely stirr'd, intensely thrill'd, I see them
floating on,
Till every thought of selfish grief and troubled life is gone ;
The mountain air is in my breast, my spirit buoyant
springs,
Like an eagle as it riseth up, with proud exultant wings.

O Nature ! glorious work of God ! I do not see a trace,
A single mark, of sorrow dark, upon thy dewy face,
And as I stand with lifted brow, within a rocky lair,
A song of joy is on my lip, and in my soul a prayer.

The tall trees wave their arms on high, and from the
flowery sod
Beneath my feet, a perfume sweet, is rising up to God ;

O Father of this lovely world, my spirit, too, inspire
With the kindlings of a holy love, Thy altar's sacred
fire.

The rocks, the hills, the sounding sea, and every painted
flower,
All things around, with mystic sound, speak of Thy
love and power.
I need no "temple made with hands," for everywhere I
see
Something, O God the Infinite, to turn my soul to
Thee.

And from a child I've ever loved in some lone path to
stray,
The wilderness, or mountain side, the solitary way ;
These are the shrines for worship made,—and, Darran,
bold and bright,
My spirit rises 'mid thy rocks, to royal realms of
light.

In ages past, these grand old hills with music might have
rung
The echoes of heroic deeds, by Briton minstrel sung ;
And in this spot, where now I stand, in ancient days of
yore,
Old hoary Druids might have taught their legendary
lore.

Ecstatic in its liberty, my morning hymn I raise
From 'mid these ivy-covered rocks : O God, accept my
 praise ;
And let me ever grateful be, for all Thy mercies given,
Thus turn, from 'mid Thy glorious works, my raptur'd
 eyes to heaven.

FALLING LEAVES.

SOFT wooed by the zephyr,
 And kissed by the breeze,
And bathed in the moonlight,
 Love's trance in the trees ;
By many a gush of song
 Thrilled with delight,
Then falling aweary
 By day and by night.

A spring-time of gladness,
 A summer of bloom,
An autumn of glory,
 A winter of gloom ;
A fall 'mid the shadows,
 The ice in the air,
Shakes down the bright tresses
 All loosed in despair.

As youth's royal gladness,
In joyousness rife,
The spring-leaves of beauty
Are emblems of life ;
Soon cometh frost-touches,
Sadd'ning the leaf,
Soon cometh experience,
Teaching of grief.

How ye are scattered,
Beautiful leaves !
Rustling wistfully
As a soul grieves ;
Plaintive your dirge and low,
Mournful the sound,
Making strange melody
Over the ground.

Yet do your voices say,—
Though we thus mourn,
Though we *thus* pass away,
Spring shall return ;
Life, with her golden wing
Folded in rest,
Waits but the hallowing
Time of the blest.

After the passing bell,
After the tomb,
Comes the rich anthem-swell
Wake unto bloom !

So shall the soul arise
 Into new birth,
Clear in unclouded skies,
 Freed from the earth.

Are we not beautiful,
 Passing away ?
So Faith should illumine
 Outliving decay ;
God touches with beauty
 The leaves as they fall,—
A bright immortality
 Gildeth the pall !

I listen, I listen,
 O rustling leaves,
I know that true Wisdom
 The warp of Life weaves :
The lessons ye teach us
 Our spirits shall learn,
And be taught by your voices
 That Spring shall return.

Though Winter be round us,
 Or sorrow, or care,
The early bloom vanished,
 E'en ice in the air,—

This Hope as an Angel,
And Faith as a Dove,
'Mid the storms and the shadows
Shall whisper of Love.

All Nature instructeth,
Her language is clear ;
To the spirit meek-list'ning
Her soul draweth near ;
And leaves in their beauty
Bestrewing the sod,
Can bring us revealings
And teachings from God.

A CHILD'S GRAVE.

ONE little grave is all I see
Of that bright reality :
Lovely eyes of heaven's blue,
Flowing locks of sunny hue,
Ruby lips that all beguile
With their prattle and their smile ;
Fairy form, in which I trace
Every movement full of grace.
Even now methinks I see
All thy infant witchery :
But, alas ! I know thou'rt fled—
Numbered with the silent dead.

Mother ! mother ! thou wilt miss
Every night the parting kiss,
Little arms that used to be
Twined around caressingly.
Gentle mother, do not mourn,
Though the child is from thee torn,
She is gone from care and strife,
Entered into blissful life.
For child-angels, we are told,
Do the Father's face behold ;
Highest privilege, and blest,
Early gathered into rest.
Think not of the dreadful gloom
Of a dark and silent tomb,
But of glory and of light
Bursting on the raptured sight.
Mourn not, though the child has fled,
Numbered with the quiet dead.

When the little brothers meet,
Vacant is the sister's seat ;
When they lisp an evening prayer,
One sweet voice is wanting there.
Father ! when they climb thy knee,
Young and happy, where is she ?
Too beautiful, too bright to stay,
The angels beckoned her away ;
The stem alone is left behind,
The young leaf floated on the wind ;

The root alone is in the sod,
The blossom summered up to God,
Among the circling babes to be
Nearest the throne eternally.
Mourn not, though the child is fled,
Numbered with the silent dead.

THE LOVE THAT IS KIND.

WHAT art thou, Love?—The rays that fall,
Mid sorrows darkened clouds ;
A rainbow o'er the drooping heart,
When grief its glory shrouds.

What art thou, Love?—The pearl of life,
A jewel all may wear ;
A talisman, to stay its strife,
And soothe its path of care.

What art thou, Love?—A Nile of joy,
Rejoicing on my way,
And making glad the desert paths,
Through which my waters stray.

What art thou, Love?—In darkest hour,
An angel still, with wings of light ;
Glory and beauty, strength and power,
True gentleness and might.

What art thou, Love?—The song of Heaven,
Sang at creation's birth ;
God's Priestess, from whose hands are given
All goodliest gifts to earth.

GARIBALDI.

HE is captured ! he is taken !
Europe quivers with the shock ;
Fortune's favourite child forsaken—
Wounded eagle on the rock.

Garibaldi, great in story,
Thou wilt be our hero yet,
Though thy last wounds, pain'd and gory,
Tell thee that thy star is set.

'Twas a glorious haze misled thee,
Grand and god-like patriot still ;
'Twas a frenzied love of country
Blinded thee in acting ill.

In thy soul I know 'tis written,—
“ For my loved Italia's weal
Did I act, and am I smitten
With a wound she cannot heal.”

Thou wast worshipp'd ; change has touch'd thee
By one deed, yet thou shalt shine,
Lion-hearted Garibaldi,
Hero, on the scroll of Time ;

For thy bright deeds still are glowing,
Matchless, banner'd, brave, and fair ;
Patriot ! these all nations knowing,
In this sorrow claim a share.

Thou art human, Garibaldi,
Grandest men have erred before ;
True-born hero, God sustain thee,
While the adverse wave rolls o'er.

Countless hearts are wounded with thee,
Cheer thee : when the storm is past
Thou wilt rise, brave Garibaldi,
Stronger for the 'whelming blast,

With a higher, broader glory,
Greater hero even yet ;
Though thy wounds are pain'd and gory,
Dream not that thy star is set.



TO THE QUEEN.

ON THE FUNERAL DAY OF THE PRINCE CONSORT.

GOD bless thee! England's stricken Queen, and keep
thee on this day;
Now the Husband of thy youth is borne in solemn pomp
away,
Myriads of prayers will rise for thee; thy country to its
core
Is sorrowing with thee for the lost, the loved that is no
more.

Yet take thou comfort, mourning Queen, the grand and
noble dead
Has the incense of thy people's love, in solemn requiem
shed;
His memory as a banner bright, all spotless white shall
wave
Unmarked by *warrior* glory-streak, yet o'er a *hero's*
grave.

No widow's cries, no orphan's tears, have marked the
path he trod,
He sought to raise thy people, and he won the smile of
God.

Great nations with united heart, in reverence will raise
A mighty anthem for the dead, of mingled love and
praise.

Gaze thou upon the silver track, that he has left behind,
The light of knowledge and of truth, upon thy people's
mind ;

He is but soaring to more light, where, beautiful and
free,

His soul expandeth evermore in God's eternity.

Thou wilt not sorrow without hope. See on the scroll of
fame,

Immortal good doth trace in light another hero's name.

Such thoughts like holy music come, and tender solace
bring,

Removing from the hand of Death, the poisoned barb
and sting.

God bless thee now, and keep thee ! May thy daughter
young and fair,

Whose love and fortitude have helped thy heart its grief
to bear,

Still watch o'er thee with tenderness ; may Windsor's
lordly towers

Still echo back her care of thee, in these thy darkened
hours.

And may the Prince, our country's hope, now imitate
thy grace,

Hold to his father's creed of good, and fill the vacant
place.

May he be loved as thou art loved, and be revered as thou,
When God shall place the kingly mark upon his princely
brow.

A nation's prayers will rise for thee, O royal heart sore-
riven,
And we commend thee fervently unto the King of
Heaven :
May the Father of the fatherless still be thy strength
and stay,
Now the Husband of thy youth is borne, in solemn pomp
away.

A CHILD'S PRAYER.

I KNEW a child was wont to pray,—
“ Bless me, O God, and let me be
A little vessel full of Thee : ”
And now long years have passed away,
I know no fitter words to say
Than these,—“ My Father, let me be
A little vessel full of Thee.”

Yes, still I crave this gift of Thine,
For morning, and for noon, and night ;
Fill me with love's o'erflowing wine,
And be my spirit's light ;
So shall my lamp beam steadfastly—
“ A little vessel full of Thee.”

The dear Christ never hurries by,
From smallest need of smallest thing,
But listens to the feeblest cry,
Of those who loving cling,
And I, thy suppliant, Lord, would be
“A little vessel full of Thee.”

He who the mighty ocean stills,
Tends too, the tiniest flower,
And in its heart the dew distils,
And suns it, hour by hour.
And I, e'en as the flower would be
“A little vessel full of Thee.”

Nor would I fear the stormy skies,
Or winds that fiercely blow ;
For my soul amid the ills would rise,
And commune sweet and low ;
And I, in every grief would be
“A little vessel full of Thee.”

Oh, earnest prayer, from childish lips,
Uttered so long ago ;
Methinks beyond e'en Death's eclipse
No fitter prayer could flow
From angel-heart, than—“Let me be,
My Father, through eternity,
A little vessel full of Thee.”

CHRISTMAS CHIMES.

HURRAH ! for dear old Christmas,
The king of all the year,
We hail him, and we greet him
With a hearty shout and cheer ;
Ring out, ye chimes of Christmas,
Ring out ! ye joyful bells,
Ring ! through the towns and cities,
Float over hills and dells,
Ring through the heart of Britain,
O joyful Christmas bells !

Learn fresh the holy anthem
(Peace brooding o'er thy breast),
Long may thy sword be sheathèd,
Thy spear be held in rest ;
For bitter sorrow cometh,
From the battle cry of kings,
While sweet adown the ages
The holy anthem rings ;
Now is the time to echo
Fresh through the hearts of men,
The birth-song of the angels,
The Babe of Bethlehem ;

Ring out ! ye chimes of Christmas,
Ring out ! ye joyful bells,
Ring, through the towns and cities,
Float over hills and dells,
Ring through the heart of Britain,
O joyful Christmas bells !

We love, in dear old England,
To keep the olden ways,
And we welcome in our Christmas,
With a chiming of sweet praise ;
And desk, and mart, and city,
With all their toil we leave,
To bask us in the beauty
Of our quiet Christmas Eve.
O toilers that are weary,
Cast off all care to-day,
Come and enjoy the prelude rest
Of our sweetest holiday ;
The love and joy of Christmas
Shall rub away the rust,
Stir fresh the dying embers,
Rekindle hope and trust ;
O yule-log, flash and glisten,
Shed round a ruddy glow,
While angels move our spirits
To a genial overflow,
And gather round the ingle,
The old, the young, the fair,

Let heart with heart commingle,
Drive out dim carking care ;
All join the charmèd circle,
Let every anger cease,
For "good-will" is our motto,
And incense-breathing peace.

The voices of the children
Sing carols everywhere,
We hear them in the lobby,
In the hall, and on the stair.
The brave and gleesome brothers
Come home so fresh of heart,
They bring their glowing brightness,
In our joys to take a part ;
They throng around the gardens,
In the parks, and in the street,
Filling the ancient avenues
With their rejoicing feet.
They love the joys of Christmas,
The king of all the year,
They hail him, and they greet him
With the merriest shout and cheer.

The girls in all their beauty,
In the fire-light's ruddy glow,
Dream of to-morrow's poem
'Neath the bardic mistletoe.

Their little hands are busy,
For glass, and door, and wall
Must wear the holy emblems
For the Christmas festival.
They climb in 'witching beauty,
To make all dainty fair,
The home-love warm within their hearts,
Her fire-glows on their hair.
Ring out ! ye chimes of Christmas,
Ring out ! ye joyful bells,
Ring through the towns and cities,
Float over hill and dells.
Move hearts to holy pity,
O blessed Christmas bells !

Remember God's afflicted,
The sad, the sick, the poor,
When the snow is on the mountain,
And the keen wind on the moor.
Bless in the time of blessing,
From the greatest to the least,
Read out the deeper meaning,
Of this, our "joyful'st feast."
God's reconciled children,
Their hearts and voices raise,
Their gratitude out-pouring
In a pæan of sweet praise :
And the music and the chiming,
As it softly floats and swells,

Tells out the old, old story
In joyful Christmas bells.
Ring ! ring ! through towns and cities,
Through all the hills and dells,
Through every heart in Britain,
O joyful Christmas bells !

TO PEACE.

(1862.)

WE hail thee, Spirit, gentle-eyed, but strong,
With silver wing far-spreading in its might ;
O white soul, hating turmoil, blood, and wrong,
O olive-branch'd delight.

Thou that hast gathered works of countless hands,
That were matured beneath thy tender beam,
And brought in love the trophies from far lands
Around our spotless Queen.

Thou that hast taught our England's generous heart
To rear a temple bold, and grand, and free,
Where thronging nations flock to take a part
In the world's jubilee.

Still beam upon us from thy home above,
Shedding thy rays upon our favoured isles ;
Still nurse God's heroes for high deeds of love,
And matchless charities.

The Poor will bless thee, as they lift to thee
Hands that are filled with bread and plenteous cheer;
The Rich will bless thee, as they keep and see
The sons they hold most dear,

In thy calm reign, diffusing as they should
The knowledge, and the light to those below,
The brother, in the lowlier brotherhood,
Hand-clasp'd, and helped to know

The better beauty, and the higher aim;
Raised by true love, and holy amity;
For all the kindlier feelings life can claim
Are taught, fair Peace, by thee.

All hearts must love thee, though the sword may flash
And kindle with its glare a nation's ire;
Thou art invok'd behind the thunder crash
In tears of blood and fire.

The dead ! the dead ! the white dead on the plain,
The cruel shock, stagnation, and despair
Mark the war-track, while thou dost heal earth's pain
Dost gladden and repair.

Yea, progress hand in hand with thee doth go,
Art, learning, science, in thy path are rife;
No dreary war clouds, but a rainbow glow,
Arching a nation's life.

And God doth bless us, as we lift in prayer
Our hands, uncarnaged, to His throne of grace,
Imploring of the Prince immortal there
The blessing He doth trace

Upon the years, that roll beneath thy sway,
On pleasant rock, the pasture, and the river,
Corn, wine, and oil increase, and mind's grand ray
Still broadening on for ever.

Then hail, blest Spirit ! gentle-eyed, but strong,
With wing far-spreading in its solemn might !
O white soul, hating turmoil, blood, and wrong,
O olive-branched delight !



TO ANNIE.

In a golden casket, Annie, if you could put safe away
That young love so sweet we moulded, in that unfor-
gotten May,
Out of sight,—for it you've chosen wealth and riches, gold
and state,
You must stifle now the longing with the cry, Too late,
too late !

Ah ! you hardly knew how needed is dear love in after
days ;

I forgive you for the sorrow, that your soul so oft betrays
In its daily patient bearing, I can tell, if only I,
What his duller sense unseeing, passes all unheeded by.

Think of all the times I watched you, read you, darling,
o'er and o'er,
Till I knew each wave or ripple, laugh or murmur on
the shore ;
Not a shade would touch your spirit, but my eye would
see it pass,
Though as light as filmy cloud-wing floating o'er the
summer grass.

You have let me sit beside you, drink your beauty day by
day,
Till your being was my being, which I could not rend
away ;
Soul to soul ! Oh, tell me, Annie—wherefore, wherefore
did you go,
Leaving thus one-half your being maddened with neglect
and woe ?

By your sad eyes saying mutely, Oh, I did not count the
cost,
I forgive you, though you wrecked me, and for years
my life was lost ;
I forgive you, though your light hands wove for me a
leaden chain
That did strangle all my heart's-life, in a swoon of
deadly pain.

What was this man's love to *my* love, pained e'en now
that *you* are pained ;
I have seen my treasure wasted, tell me what *his* heart
has gained.

He may in his coarse esteeming deem you happy, rich,
and great ;

I have learned to read you better, and I know you
desolate.

I have looked once more upon you, but, my darling, I
will go,

All my love unchang'd abiding, silent underneath the
snow ;

For your eyes in tearful pleading, say, In pity, oh, depart,
Or my soul's keen want will hunger, for the old place in
your heart.

And I go, heart-praying, Annie, ever for you, morn and
even,

That the peace my soul has gathered, may to your sad
heart be given !

And my love remains unchanged, higher, purer, e'en to-
day,

Than the old sweet dream of morning, nurtured in our
joyful May.

And for this I leave you, Annie, for your good is still my
best ;

But your image, who shall rend it, from its home within
my breast ?

There at least no spoiler cometh, there no robber steals
my lore ;

You were mine by wedded heart-life, you are mine for
evermore !

A CHILD IN THE HOUSE.

How dear is a child in the house :
An innocent child at play,
Cheering the hearts of the weary,
Wiling their cares away.

How precious the love of a child :
Clinging, confiding, and pure,
Summer'd in mother-love sweet,
Feeling, of sympathy sure.

How lovely the Faith of a child :
The beautiful guileless trust,
Relighting our grey old ruins,
Touching with glory, the rust.

How joyous the laugh of a child :
Music dispelling the strife,
Waking new echoes of beauty,
Fresh, from its fountain of life.

How restless and merry, the child,
Dear little mischievous elf,
Lifting us into the sunshine,
Out of the shadow of self.

How fair is the face of a child,
The morning-lit, dewy face,
Before the dark pinion of evil
Sweeps over the blossom of grace.

How calm is the sleep of a child,
Fearless, and tranquil, and blest ;
With tender hands of the angels
Rocking its cradle of rest.

How kind even Death, with the child,
Trancing the little soft bloom,
And sending the spirit of love
To watch o'er th' innocent's tomb.

The Future, how fair for the child,
Rising all bright from the sod,
Their eyes all unveilèd may gaze
On the glowing presence of God !

Let us pray to the Father of all,
That to *us* the child-heart may be given,
Its confidence, joy, loving-trust :
“ For of such is the kingdom of Heaven.”



TO WOMAN.

“For,” said the Indian mother, “very sorrowful is the lot of woman.”

WOMAN, with thy tender heart,
Though thou feel the quivering dart,
And the burning tear may start;
Hush the rising murmur now,
Soothe the furrows on the brow,
Furrows on the brow of life;
Still the tempest and the strife:
Such is woman's lot.

Thou hast in thy heart's deep core
Mysteries for evermore,
Beautiful unfathomed store;
Love, as pure as angels give,
Love that shall for ever live,
Live in an undying bloom,
In the land beyond the tomb,
Far from touch of mortal doom
In our Father's crown.

In the crystal courts above,
Love will fully answer love,
Free, and full, and perfect prove.
Every tender sympathy

Will be echoed back to thee :
Echoed, with a glowing spell,
When no grief or sad farewell
Can joy's requiem be.

Where melody is never marred,
By a harsh, discordant word,
Or the spirit rudely torn,
Torn, or tortured by the fears,
The dreads, and doubts of mortal years,
By shadow, or by dreary pain,
By aching heart, or burning brain,
By sorrow, or by sin.

Meekly then upon thy way,
Learn to watch, and learn to pray,
Kind and gentle every day ;
Calm and holy, look on high,
One will give thee sympathy,
He who died on Calvary ;
Son of *woman*, in that word,
Every grief of thine is heard ;
Pitiful, compassionate !
Every heart that's desolate
Upward look for aye to Him.

Of love, thy warp of life be spun ;
There is much below the sun,
To expend work-treasure on.
Hope's bright star may quickly set,

Those who love thee may forget,
May forget, or change, or die,
Yet weary not, but work alway,
Love through all, and love for aye,
 'Tis the better part.

Learn to suffer, and be still,
And submit to God's high will—
He with joy the heart can fill.
Place His pearl within thy breast,
Talisman for holy rest,
Holy rest ! delightful thought,
As a gleam from Heaven caught,
 O'er our track of tears.

Though the spirit sob and moan,
Learn to quell the rising groan ;
Remember, life is but a loan.
Many a mourning one, may be,
Waits a kindly word from thee ;
Hide thy own griefs 'neath a pall,
Throw a love beam over all,
 Beautify with tenderness !

Blessing in unchanging mood ;
In a rich beatitude,
Crowning with all loyal good ;
Strong, and fair thy influence be
(E'en though sorrows compass thee),
 Like a beacon-light at sea ;

Bright and steadfast, though the storm
Rage around thy fragile form ;
Firm, amidst the tempest-shock,
Safe, fast-founded on the Rock,
Beautiful and calm.

THE NIGHT-BLOOMING CEREUS.

The night-blooming Cereus is a magnificent flower, white and gold colour ; it blooms at night, and the blossom dies before morning.

WHAT art thou, vision of the night,
In beauty's perfect mould ?
Thou art an angel spotless white,
Circled in flame of gold.

Thy stamens, like to radiant hair,
Adorn a holy face ;
Soft, silky, long, and saintly fair,
Shrouding in vestal grace.

Thine odour, incense, from a shrine
By God's own finger wrought ;
Thou'rt starry, beauteous, and divine,
As glimpse of Eden caught.

Thou seem'st to hush our very breath,
Thy beauty's perfect beam
To carry us from Time, and Death,
In an enchanted dream.

And in one night, thy bloom is fled,
As though our mortal air
A saddening influence o'er thee shed,
And waked a wild despair.

Thou com'st, when day's discordant jars
Are softly lulled to rest,
And Cynthia, with her thousand stars,
Beams on the earth's stilled breast.

Oh, say, was Eve's last lingering hour
In Eden wept by thee?
Did her warm tears bedew thy flower,
Did her keen agony

So wither up thy glorious bloom
In that chill morning light,
That now until the end of doom
Thou'lt only grace the night?

In memory of her wild grief
Say, does Aurora's ray
Recall the thought, till every leaf
In anguish dies away?

Some legend of the long-ago
Sure in thy heart must dwell:
Such fragrant adorations flow
From out its sacred well.

Whate'er the mystery may be,
The "All-Fair," made thee fair,
And the poet heareth rev'rently
Sweet spirit-voices there.

Strange lovely flower ! while pondering o'er
Thy beauty tranced in joy,
Oh, lure us to the Eternal shore,
Where comes no death alloy ;

The "better land," of cloudless light,
Beyond the setting sun,
When Summer day will know no night,
Or glory's race be run.

The Eden, for each weary heart,
The Paradise above,
Where life, and beauty, ne'er depart,
But bask in perfect love.



BRING YOUR HONEY TO THE HIVE.

BRING your honey to the hive,
Only see it, sound and good ;
Life is earnest, deep, and wide,
Aid and help it, as you should.

Something do, in work, or thought,
For the general weal, and then
Rich rebound to you is brought,
In the commonwealth of men.

Are you better than the rest,
Grander, truer, spread the feast,
Ampler blessing, being blest,
From the greatest, to the least.

Bring your choicest to the hive,
Stand not, cynic-like, aloof :
If you deem yourself alive,
Love, demands the living proof.



NATURE'S VOICES.

DEAR lilies, gleaming on the lake
In tranced bloom, now tell me, say,
Why do ye such a brave show make
When winds might sweep ye all away ?
Like holy angels, seemeth me,
Dressed in your white security ;
What says your silence, low and deep ?—
God can His own beloved keep.

O white bird, gliding o'er the sea
Like spirit moving in a dream,
Who can thy unseen Pilot be?
Unerring alway, it doth seem.
Like to the fabled Halcyōne,
Sweet idyl, bird, or wingèd foam,
What may our dull hearts learn of thee?—
True love hath perfect liberty.

O sweet, sweet rose, so wondrous fair,
With death so near thy dewy eyes,
Whose life is an unworded prayer,
Still holding dreams of Paradise ;
Whence comes thy soul-entrancing charm,
Where beauty sits enthron'd in calm ?
What says thy blossom, thorn, and leaf?—
The True One sanctifieth grief !

O lily, sea-bird, dewy rose,
The poet's heart is listening still ;
God's buds are forming 'neath the snow,
The Blessed, mouldeth to His will,
And Nature's voices still are heard,
From rock, hill, valley, bloom, and bird,
Silent, and strong, her teachings fall,—
That perfect goodness crowneth all.

“HE THAT OFFERETH PRAISE GLORIFIETH
ME.”

I THANK and bless Thee, O my God,
That in the darkness of that night
Thou still didst leave a little rift
Where I might see the light.

I thank and bless Thee, O my God,
That wildly as my bark was tossed,
Her stormy way, Thy pitying love
With a pale moon-beam crossed.

I thank and bless Thee, O my God,
That through the nigh o'erwhelming wave,
A strong and tender hand was stretched,
My shuddering soul to save.

I thank and bless Thee, O my God,—
Each stroke was needed, every one;
Though hardly could my quivering heart
Repeat, “Thy will be done.”

I thank and bless Thee, O my God,
That Thou didst watch me in the dark;
And drive the dove, with storm-rent wing,
Into Thy holy ark.

I thank and bless Thee, O my God,
For every whirling of the blast,
Because Thy blessed "Peace, be still,"
Swept o'er my soul at last.

I thank and bless Thee, O my God,
E'en for my spirit's drear eclipse,
Because Thy benediction now
Is resting on my lips.

Yes, I can bless Thee, O my God,
For shrouding all my pleasant things,
For now in resurrection light
My spirit soars and sings.

The new, sweet song Thou givest me,
Is echoed back beyond the river,
That Thou art mine, and I am Thine,
For ever and for ever !

FLOWERS.

O FLOWERS, lovely flowers,
Your praises are sung,
By many a Poet,
In many a tongue ;

But the rich dear delighting
 Passeth power of all song,
Passeth Poets' inditing :
 Such sweet symbols throng,
That the heart's quiet worship to you must belong.

In this gift that He giveth
 To great and to small,
Prince, and peasant, and people,
 For cottage and hall ;
For this wond'rous revealing
 Of tenderest care,
And beauty soft stealing
 Like incense and prayer,
Inviting our hearts, in his Being to share.

From the first early dawning
 Of childhood's glad sight,
As it holdeth its daisy-chain
 Dream of delight ;
To the eye-lids last closing
 On life's weary day,
In twilight reposing,
 Time ebbing away,
The mystical Lily lays white on the clay.

Ye speak to our being
 Wherever ye be,
In our homes, on the moorland,
 Or 'neath the blue sea,

Your silences golden,
Calm breathing of rest,
And love-legends olden,
Reproving earth-quest
Over-eager, with teaching true wisdom has blest.

Then flowers, lovely flowers !
No being can say,
What ye are to our lives
As ye bloom by the way :
Lighting your holy lamps,
Spreading your wings,
A prodigal bounty
Of beautiful things,
Wherever God's sun-light its sweet message brings.

Tree, herb, fruit and blossom,
Whichever we meet,
From royal oak
Down to the grass at our feet ;
Love's infinite heart-beat
Alive in the sod,
Wherever His Angels
Of Mercy have trod,
Like our souls' active being, warm pulsèd from God.

THE ANGEL CHILD.

SHE left us in the silent eve, for the land of peace and
love,

And another star was added to the shining ones above ;
A child-soul floated up on high, and in the solemn night
The little spirit-watcher gives a clear, seraphic light ;
Pure in the tranquil home of God, it shines in perfect
rest,

Stilling the tumult of the grief, within the mother's breast :
And the music of an infant's voice, that time would hush
for ever,

Comes warbling in appealing tones across the troubled
river ;

So softly sang the angel-child, until the mother felt
The presence, like a holy spell, about her as she knelt.

For a soothing calm came o'er her, and a little dimpled
hand

Fell like a snow-flake on her lip, a touch of spirit-land,
Till sorrow faded as a dream, then came the gush of
song,

And the echo of the silver tones the zephyr bore along.
" O dearest one," it seemed to say, " come to our radiant
shore :

You're on the confines of a land where joy is evermore ;

And praise the Father of all good, who bore me thus
away,
To grow in beauty 'neath His smile, perfecting day by
day;
O mother, I am richly blessed, for morning, noon, and
night,
I praise Him, basking in His love, and in unclouded
light."

Then turned the mother from the grave, and from the
infant's tomb,
She knew the flower had waked to life, in new-created
bloom;
The star beamed steadfast from the sky, and though at
times she missed
The twining arms, the merry laugh, the brow so often
kissed,
The passing by her chamber door, of tiny pattering
feet,
The little presence everywhere, the ways so winning
sweet;
Though hushed the voice must ever be, unto her mortal
ear,
Yet in her soul, the silver tones were ringing sweet and
clear;
"O dearest one," they seemed to say, "come to our
radiant shore,
You're on the confines of a land where joy is ever-
more."

It soothed her 'mid her toil and care, it lulled her into
rest,

The child-soul floating near her, and the song within her
breast ;

Full of a tender joy it came, of purity and love,
Drawing her soul from earthly care, and cent'ring it
above.

Oh, when you look upon the stars, think of the early blest,
The shining ones, the heaven-called, the garnered into
rest ;

Then commune with the God who made the stars and
angels too,

And let them be his messengers, to minister to you,
And the voices of the early-called, that time would hush
for ever,

Will speak to you in spirit-tones, across the troubled
river.

We would not wish them back again, whom God has
borne away

To jasper halls, and paves of pearl, from our dim homes
of clay,

From brier paths, and thorny ways, by weary mortals
trod,

But leave them in their beauty, the wondrous stars of
God ;

And love them with a reverent love, until they draw us
near.

The silver tones, like rippling waves, low-warbling sweet
and clear,

Will trance us too in holy thought, as soft the music rings,
Till we feel the angels round us, and the winnowing of
wings ;
Till the Holy Christ shall heal us, and the earthly chain
be riven,
And we grasp undying gladness, with the shining stars of
Heaven.

S L E E P.

GREAT mystery !
So silent, and so near akin to death,
Shall we not ponder, and with bated breath
Adoring see

How it is so,
That strong, or helpless, from our struggling life,
God lifts us into calm, from out the strife,
And veils the woe ?

E'en from the child,
Lulled into slumber on its mother's breast,
To the stern rebel, meeting here arrest
By sleep beguiled.

With wrestling tides,
Torn often here, our *daily* life must be,
Yet God's great calm falls *nightly* on the sea
His love provides ;

Beautiful sleep ;
The great All-Father takes us gently down,
Without a single harsh rebuke or frown,
And watch doth keep.

His angels lead
Into the shadow-land of sweet forgetfulness,
Their balmy lips, on tired brows to press
Who pitying plead,

With carking care,
That all may have some golden hours' release,
Let softly down, to the white home of peace
And silence, where—

“Loose him, and let him go,”
Is sung through all the chambers of the heart,
And wine, and oil, are poured into the smart,
A healing flow.

Men toil and reap,
Yet just and unjust, in *this* mercy blest,
Are folded in His ample robe of rest
And given sleep.

“OVER AGAINST THE TREASURY.”

“OVER against the Treasury,” till there came
 A poor lone saint,
A widow, history silent, does not give her name,
 But weak and faint,

Save in her faith and love, we see her stand ;
 All joys grown dim
With tears, want, weeping, as with liberal hand
 She gives to Him,

“ Out of her penury,” all that she possessed,
 Oh, rich indeed !
Perfect in love, so calmly thus to rest
 Nor, let aught plead ;

No lower want, against the higher gain,
 For joy requites,
And love has raptures glorifying pain ;
 And two small mites,

Made beautiful by love, grow large and fair,
 And prized, and blest,
For Jesus has regarded, standing there
 He marked the test.

The great Heart Searcher, counting all the cost.

O holy eyes !

That will not let the smallest thing be lost

Of the true sacrifice.

Whether gift, victory won, or precious nard,

Or bitter cup

Held to white lips, with heart-break, striving hard,

Christ looketh up.

O mourners, givers, bearers of deep wrong

Or widowed lot,

Keeping the golden "Abba," on your tongue

And murmuring not.

Christ, "o'er against the Treasury," watches still,

He waiteth there :

He longeth to be gracious, and fulfil

Your heart's deep prayer.



"IN LOWLINESS OF THEIR WISDOM."

(THE MAGI.)

IF thou hadst said but this, and nothing more,

And our hearts learn it, saying o'er and o'er

"*In lowliness of wisdom*," we should take

A holy lesson, and our pride forsake,

Growing more humble, for the pure Babe's sake

In heavenly wisdom.

LITTLE BUD, IN SORROW BORN.

(TO S. B.)

O WEARY one, longing for rest,
Fold the young nestling to thy breast,
Nor dim his face with tears ;
Remember Him who walked our life,
Who battled with the storm and strife :
He knows thy griefs and fears.

He sees the burning tears that start,
He knows the anguish of thy heart,
And longs to draw thee near ;
As thou, the babe within thy arms,
To shield him from a thousand harms ;
So He, thy way would clear.

And tend with fondest love, and care,
And raise thee by the breath of prayer
Above the struggling tide ;
For long thou'st felt the ebb, and flow
Of life, a weariness and woe,
As dark the waters glide.

But light shall break upon thy soul,
Athwart the stormy waves that roll,
They will not surge in vain ;

The warmest glows lie nearest gloom ;
Sunbeams will brake, glad blossoms bloom,
And all be bright again.

Then kiss the baby brow, and wait,
For soon shall ope' Joy's crystal gate,
Flushing thy babe and thee ;
The Father's smile, a hope, a rest,
Then fold him gently to thy breast.
In him, thou shalt be richly blest ;
God's smile is on thy boy.



GRATEFULNESS.

WHY should our hearts be slow to take
The blessing God has given,
Or catch the golden gleams that break
Through all the rifts of Heaven ?

'Cross silver channels of delight
Why shadows should we fling,
While all the living things around
His gifts are welcoming ?

Why *should* we *not* be happy ? Say,
Clear brooklet rippling by ?
I listen, listen, till I hear
The echo, *and* the sigh ;

And somehow, somehow,—let it pass :
O June day, wondrous fair,
I will go singing up thy heights
And join thy grateful prayer.

No grief refrain, or dirge of pain
Shall touch my soul or sense,
For I too, in God's feast of joy
Would happiness dispense.

And say to every one I meet
This text, thou givest me,—
“Why, when all Nature glows to God,
Should we *not* happy be ?”

Each heart make answer for itself,
My spirit chimes it o'er,
And prays that causeless discontent
May cloud its dreams no more.



RAGGED ROBIN.

(MEADOW LYCHNIS.)

O GIPSY ROBIN, bold and bright,
With garments torn to tatters,
You're such a hardy, merry sprite,
To you it little matters :

Although, may be, a cruel thorn
Has torn your petals gagged :
For you are laughing on in scorn,
Well pleased to be so ragged.

I like to see you in the hedge,
Among the liberal grasses,
Or nodding, 'mid the wiry sedge,
To every one that passes.

I like to see you springing there,
'Bove blossoms blue and yellow ;
'The wild breeze playing in your hair,
You joyful little fellow.

For you are fresh as any rose,
And ruddy as the morning ;
And gay as any flower that grows,
The way-side hedge adorning.

OUR BLESSED DEAD.

In the twilight lonely sitting,
With the shadows round me flitting,
'Neath the opal lamp of memory my dead I counted o'er ;
When a chime of village bells
Smote my silent asphodels,
And their beatific gladness made this melody outpour ;—

To them there is no seeming,
No sad and fitful gleaming ;
No shadow, and no darkness, no struggle with deep pain ;
They can change and falter never,
They have grasped the firm "for ever,"
As they gather in their beauty, on the glad eternal plain ;

Oh, wherefore are we weeping ?
Our dead are only sleeping,
And of that sleep so tranquil, how little do we know !
Yet in those solemn slumbers
Death slays, what life encumbers,
And who shall say the spirit, in the silence does not grow ?

Look on the quiet lilies,
And the golden daffodillies,
Were they dead, because the Winter had wrapped them
in his fold ?
Oh, Spring shall tell the story
Of a new-evolvèd glory,
And a lesson writ in beauty, to our human hearts is told.

The earth was only veiling
The inner life prevailing,
For in each root's white temple, God did a marvel form ;
And a warm and rich perfection
Awaiteth resurrection,
And a thing of beauty cometh, might a royal king adorn

And each pure and wingèd spirit
Will a nobler life inherit,

Shall be sun-kissed, and be dew-kissed, and awake with
fresh emprise

On a glorified to-morrow,

Divorced from every sorrow,

When the hand of Christ uplifts them, and anoints their
dreaming eyes.

My heart can sing it boldly,

I have never turned me coldly

From my dead, my blessed dead, who such hallowed
help afford ;

And no vision could be sweeter

Than my darling as I meet her,

When she comes in starry radiance, from the presence of
the Lord.

O dear and tender being,

That to-night my soul is seeing,

Do they say you're growing colder, for the glories that
you know ?

O brown eyes, full of yearning,

On me so wistful turning,

As you wonder at the blindness, that could ever deem
it so.

You bid us fondly cherish

The love that will not perish,

Enamelled 'tis in fire, in the centre of the soul ;

And in the life God giveth

The pure love ever liveth,

Though loosened is the silver cord, and broken is the bowl.

Our dead are lifted higher,
To bring the true help nigher,
'Mid the cloud of holy witnesses, the spirits come and go ;
In the splendour of their calm
They bring the healing balm,
And into chastened hearts, the heavenly seed they sow.

Leave Thought's pearled gates ajar,
And the star-souls come from far ;
'Mid prayer, and quiet, meet them, on Faith's holy
chancel floor ;
And no vain imagining
Is the blessing they will bring :
Let the sainted dead be welcomed to our hearts for ever-
more.

ENCOURAGEMENT.

LIFT up thy head, lift up thy heart,
Cast off the iron chain,
And let me see God's image set
Upon thy brow again.

Say not, " Too late ! " oh, not too late
The tempests that are past
But make the strong tree at its root
Firm in its grip at last.

The soldier in the battle-field
Has sword-thrust, wound, and scar,
Ere victory interweave his name
With chaplet, crown, or star.

Remember, that the glowing rose
Comes from the cruel brier ;
And there are gems, before they shine
Must pass through lurid fire.

So brave a ship was never meant
To founder on her way ;
Though spars be shattered, canvas rent,
Brother ! take heart, I say.

With manhood, in its royal prime
Let no Delilah stay,
Or the strong locks of purpose clip,
Brother ! take heart, I say.

Step out, and strike the lion down,
The dastard dragon slay ;
God knit thy firm soul to *the right* :
Brother ! take heart, I say.

Grasp the True Captain by the hand,
And keep near Him away ;
He fighteth best, who loveth best :
Brother ! take heart, I say.

Then, though the dawn, the early dawn
Broke o'er a fevered day,
"At eventide there shall be light : "
Brother ! take heart, I say.

THE PILGRIM.

HE is weary even now,
Yet he looketh steadfast up,
A patient glory on his brow,
As he takes the bitter cup.

For he knows how it will be,
The mist, the storm, and the rain,
And sorrowful, yet glad is he,
As he counts the loss and gain.

Though his eyes with tears are wet,
Yet he dreads no ill or hurt,
For his face is heavenward set,
And his loins are firmly girt.

And the pilgrim staff in his hand,
And the wide, wide wastes before,
And the stormy wave, and desert sand,
And the rocks about the shore.

But the cross is on his breast,
And he knows whose feet have trod
A rougher path to the heavenly rest,—
The Pilgrim Lamb of God.

And he knows the wounded hands,
Outstretched to help and save,
Will guide him through the desert sands,
And lift him o'er the wave.

And he knows that Love, and Prayer,
Pure angels robed in white,
Are round him watching everywhere,
In cloud, and storm, and night.

Till he reach the solemn tomb,
When the last ill dies away,
And death gives birth to endless bloom,
And dawns the perfect day.

And Christ, the Pilgrim calls,
To make him fully blest,
Redeemèd in the mansion halls,
And crowned with glorious rest.

And there we see him stand,
The earthly chains all riven ;
A palm of Victory in his hand,
The marriage-guest of Heaven.

DRIFTING.

“DRIFTING away from thy moorings,”
A solemn voice sigheth to thee ;
And I turned to the glorious angel,
And I sobbed out, it never shall be :
Let death over life be victorious,
Ere Christ be so wounded in me,
And my soul be enslaved, and my spirit
Be drowned in the dirge of the sea.”

“Drifting away from thy moorings,”
I silently listened, and wept ;
While the solemn white wings of the angel
A hushed calm, around me had kept ;
And I cried in a passion of sorrow—
“Christ, hold me, and keep me, and be
My guide, lest the wail of my spirit
Be drowned in the dirge of the sea.”

“Drifting away from thy moorings,”
Oh, deep is the danger and wide ;
His angel smote thus o’er the heart-ache,
And swept her white wings o’er the tide ;
And she said, “I am come in the twilight
To whisper this message to thee—
In His strength thou alone canst be victor,
To ride o’er the waves of the sea.”

“THY GENTLENESS HATH MADE ME GREAT.”

(PSALM xviii. 35.)

“THY gentleness hath made me great,”
Sang one of old :
O words of gold,
Sweep o’er the hearts that now are desolate.

The gentleness of holy Christ of God,
On to the end,
Most pitying friend
Of tender souls, touch’d ’neath a chastening rod.

Thy gentleness ! with all its healing balm ;
No changeful will,
But steadfast still
In deep repose of Love’s unbroken calm.

For Majesty and Mercy blending say,—
We come to bless
In gentleness,
And bear the anguish of your ills away.

And never, never could a mortal pen
The marvel trace,
The wealth of grace,
This gentleness, has shadowed forth for men.

Then let us pause in silence, hush'd, and sweet,
Love, chiding fears,
Though trembling tears
May fall in mute libation on His feet ;

Till we shall rise with faith renewed to be
More strong and bright,
With steadier light,
To steer our bark across the troubled sea.

Strike, then, O harp of David : let the strain,—
“ Hath made me great ”
Joy-touch our state
With affluent fruit-hopes, gladdening over pain.



MISGIVING.

TELL me, with a true refrain,
Ere the Spring flowers bloom again,
Will it bring me joy or pain ?

Ere the Summer comes to bless
With its lavish loveliness,
Will my peace be more or less ?

Ere the swallow builds her nest,
'Neath our eaves for sheltered rest,
Will it meet my spirit's quest ?

Ere the Autumn's latest gleam
Rends the real, from earth's dream,
Will it prove what it doth seem?

Ere the earth is sternly crost
With the Winter wind and frost,
Will this pearl be set or lost?

Beautiful ! but comes for me
Freighted ship across the sea,
Or a sun set stormily?

Tell me ! tell me ! for I stand
With a strange fate in my hand,
On a marge of wonderland.

Said I, in my hand?—ah ! no ;
Who can say if weal or woe
Is in life's deep underflow.

Tell me from this underwold,
Is it dross or is it gold,
That these jewels for me hold?

Tell me, for my heart grows faint,
Has this dreaming sin or taint,
Am I dying, deathless saint?

Comes this answer, o'er and o'er ;
" Rocks surround that fatal shore,
Sorrow-girded evermore,—

" Halcyon calms have dangers deep,
Do not let thy spirit sleep :
Closer watch, and worship keep."

" BE OF GOOD CHEER."

Out of the yearning heart of God,
It cometh down, all sweet and clear,
Through all the chambers of the soul,—
" Be of good cheer !"

O gracious Saviour, thus to draw
Our mortal need so very near,
To whisper to a tired heart,—
" Be of good cheer !"

Thine is the solace, Thine alone,
When trial presseth, doubt or fear,
Strength, woven into tenderness,—
" Be of good cheer !"

We bless Thee, for Thy human griefs,
That " Jesus wept " ; O heart, lip, ear,
Receive His benediction now,—
" Be of good cheer !"

We gladden to Thee, Lord of Life,
With love-touch'd spirits we revere
The holy lips, that breathed for us,—
“Be of good cheer!”

We glory in our living Faith,
In this fierce age, hard, doubting, drear,
We touch Thy hand, and hear Thee say,—
“Be of good cheer!”

There is a rest, most calm and fair,
To struggling souls divinely dear,
“For I have overcome,” Thou say'st,
“Be of good cheer.”

O Peace most beautiful,—Thy Peace,
“Complete in Thee,” transforms the tear
Into a diamond of sweet praise,—
“Be of good cheer.”

We reach the calm, O living Christ!
“Thine is the power,” nor doubt, or fear
Can break the “everlasting chime”—
“Be of good cheer.”

SPRING.

SHE cometh as a royal bride, in festive robes bedight,
To deck the earth in beauty, and to robe the hills in light ;
The fetters all are broken, by the sweep of her great
wing,—

The silver-lighted pinion, of the airy-footed Spring.

The stormy winds are lulled at last, the stubborn ice is
riven,

The smile of God is on the earth, with gentle airs from
heaven ;

While beautiful in odorous light, the trees laugh out in
bloom,

And silent flowers awake to life, in beauty from their
tomb.

And sunny youths, and maidens fair, rove, singing as they
go,

To see the sunshine on the sod, the blooms above the
snow ;

While silver age with tranquil heart, has tender gleams of
joy,

As Spring's sweet witchery recalls the visions of the boy.

We meet young children bearing flowers, and in each
gleesome face

Is the impress of life's early Spring, the golden age of
grace ;

Away ! away, to woodlands wild ; we'll join their glancing
feet,
To wander in God's pleasant ways, the countless joys to
greet.

The May is 'mid the emerald leaves, and sunshine glads
the world,
The banner of the blessed God, His loving hand un-
furled ;
The wee wild darlings star the sod, dispelling Winter's
gloom,
Old Nature lifts her glorious head, in resurrection
bloom.

The lark is in the cloudless sky, her music we have
heard,
The thrilling notes came pealing down, until our soul
was stirred ;
Fit prelude to the Summer joys, it filled the listening air
With rapture pure, and sweet, and high, commingled
praise and prayer.

A voice from Nature's heart it seemed, her joy-hush nigh
to pain,
Found here its utterance in song, O sweet impassioned
strain,
Telling it out in broad, free space, O spirit pure and
bright,
Upsinging, and upsoaring, in a blaze of love and light.

Methinks her quivering soul expands, to contemplate
God's plan,
That her rhapsody, and melody, may touch the heart of
man ;
And sullen must the spirit be, that will not rise and
sing,
And join her in her wondrous song, sweet prophet of the
Spring.

For oh, it is a joyous time, full, bounteous, glad, and
free ;
The opening of all garnered good, the wide earth's
jubilee ;
Best jewel on the year's round ring, the first exulting
line
Of a poem long and beautiful, wrought by the Hand
Divine ;

Then murmured by a thousand harps, low-whispered by
the trees,
Soft-echoed by the perfume, that is borne upon the
breeze ;
Low-rippled in an undertone, by brooklets as they pass,
The nodding plumes of waving fern, and blades of
shining grass.

Oh, Spring has teachings for our life, amid its toil and
care,
Of love renew'd, and holy faith, in all things good and
fair ;

Rise, then, each heart rejoicingly, rise into gladness
yet,—

See the signet of a Father's love upon the soil is set ;

In this the pleasant Easter time, when new awakened
trust

Should fall like sunbeams on the soul, to save it from the
rust :

Buds, blooms, awake, the Saviour rose,—and, as in olden
days,

The footstep of the angel still, along life's pathway
strays.

Then hail ! thou bride of lavish good, a clarion shout for
thee

Is resounding from the hill-tops, in their solemn majesty ;
The torrents foaming on in glee, the rivers glancing
bright,

The yearning heart,—all Nature grasps thy chalice of
delight.

Life's pulse is quickened by the spell, our spirits too
shall rise

To join the mighty chorus, that resounds from earth to
skies—

To the great Giver of all good, who kindleth with His
breath

Life, beauty, fragrance, gladness,—the Vanquisher of
Death.

A PLEA FOR "THE REFUGE."

"It would not be a shame to us, but an honour, that for the out-cast, as well as for the suffering, we had done what we could."

THE Pharisees had sought to slay,
And cruel priests their hands would lay
On Jesus : He, the Truth, the Light,
Had spent alone the lonely night
Upon the Mount of Olives, where
'Neath the pale stars and tranced air,
God only heard His fervid prayer ;
For, from the mount ere yet the dew
The warm sun from the blossoms drew,
Jesus was in the Temple found ;
The listening people gathered round :
They saw His love, they felt that He
Had more than human sympathy,
And to the feet of Christ they draw,
Their souls subdued with love and awe.

The Scribes and Pharisees are there,
Trying the Lord of Life to snare,
But He is of their wile aware ;
What do I hear ? a piercing cry :
They drag a sinful woman by
And place her in the midst, ah me !

And say to Jesus,—“Such as she
By Moses’ law must stonèd be ;
But what sayest thou ?”
He bent His brow,
And with a silent, holy grace,
Something upon the ground did trace.
The crafty tempters ask again,
And the Lord’s heart is moved with pain ;
He rises, hushed the noisy hum,
To tempt the Saviour they are come,
But Jesus speaks, and they are dumb :
“He that is without sin among you
Let him first cast a stone at her.”
The arrow struck, all straight and true,
And all, without demur,
From least to greatest, slow withdrew,
Leaving the Lord alone with her.
Then Jesus bent again His face,
And something on the ground did trace,
And these accusers one by one
Go out, and leave her there alone ;
They cannot cast a single stone !

O woman ! woman ! trembling there,
Half-shrouded in thy long damp hair,
Look up, and hush thy sobbing moan,
Here’s One, who will not cast a stone.
His gentle voice accosteth thee,
And His redemption thou shalt see.
“Woman, where are thy accusers now,
Say, doth no man condemn thee ?”

"No man, Lord," she answered low,
As fast her burning tears flow ;

"Neither do I condemn thee ; go,
And sin no more."

O blessed words ! O blessed grace !
O dawn of brightness on her face,
From dew of healing in her heart,
So dark, so sore, oh, nevermore
Would she resume the sinful part.

The moaning waves had left the shore,
Her Healer, strength imparted,
And she would serve Him evermore,
This woman, broken-hearted.

The Saviour's words, His holy face,
Would follow her, in every place ;
She could not speak, but she could pray,
That He would light her path alway,
For ever, noon, and night, and day ;
For the old life all dark with sin,
Jesus had covered o'er ;
Her heart, it held one holy hymn,
"Forgiven : sin no more."

DAISIES.

O GOLDEN-EYED, red-tipped and white,
With faces round and cheery,
You are not great, or grand, yet all
Agree to love you dearly.

Here, childhood's pretty dimpled hand
The starry blossom presses ;
And here, you are the chosen gems
For girlhood's flowing tresses.

We love to see you everywhere.
'Tis not your striking beauty ;
But that you smile, like kindly hearts,
Aglow to do your duty.

For rough or smooth, or high or low,
Where'er our steps are turning,
Your cheerful eyes are looking up,
Your lamps of love are burning.

All hearts must love you, young or old,
While poets sing your praises ;
And we are thankful to our God,
Who gave to us the daisies.

“ IF NOT.”

(DANIEL iii. 18.)

“ If not, if not,”—O blessed, halt !
That comes from God across our way,
That bids us closer cleave to Him,
And watch and pray.

“ If not,” if not : oh, here are three
Ready to die in flame-winged youth,
Ready to die for love of God,
For love and truth !

And we, and we, o’er doubtful gain,
Or o’er, perhaps, some fancied loss,
Would almost in our madness smite
Our glorious Cross.

“ If not,” if not : ah ! well we know
That no event comes blindly on,
Though seeming darkness veil the place
Where glory shone.

Have we not tasted Heavenly wine ?
Was He not near, in drought and rain ?
And shall we turn to lower things
For joy again ?

Away ! away ! it shall not be ;
Our soul’s denials, strike them dumb !
We will not have their keen unrest
Across us come ;

But take this lesson, now, from Thee,
And write it on our inmost hearts,
Where we may read it constantly,
Till life departs.

And, spirit, light thy silver lamps,
And spread thy lilies cool and sweet,
And come, and gather to the Lord,
Low at His feet ;

And praise Him, that our souls awake,
Upbreaching to th' eternal rest,
That we are folded in His love
And *calmed*, and *blest*.

“AS THIS LITTLE CHILD.”

ONLY a simple child,
Kneeling at prayer,
The moon's silver glory
Alight on her hair ;
God's light through the lattice,
As tiny hands meet,
On the little white gown,
And bare dimpled feet,

So prayeth babe Minnie
With Lily-bent head,
And a sweet sunny smile
As “ Our Father,” is said ;
As she lisps “ Gentle Jesus,”
So meek and so mild,
The heart of the Saviour
Seems blessing the child.

All tender and beautiful,
Holy and fair,
Is the Jesus she meets
In her garden of prayer ;
And a wonderful solace,
Like breathing of balm,
Comes over my soul
From her exquisite calm.

I picture a scene,
In the far days of old,
Which Jesus to teach,
Every age did unfold ;
When eager disciples
This question had given,—
“ Which is the *greatest*
In the kingdom of Heaven ? ”

The “ Perfect in Knowledge,”
The Meek One, and Mild,
Led out in their midst
An innocent child ;
Showing faith and subjection,
Humility fair,
Must robe every life,
Having entrance there.

And I drew close to Minnie,
Babe-Minnie again,
While my tears fell as soft
As the warm summer rain ;

For "O ABBA Father"
 Welled up from my heart,
And in the child's worship
 My soul took a part.

For life oft is thorny,
 O bare little feet !
And many rough stones
 On the journey you'll meet ;
And many a storm,
 Fair Lily-bent head,
Ere the last prayer of faith
 To "Our Father" is said.

Yet Christ bids us feel
 As the little one feels ;
The bud of life folded,
 Securely she kneels :
She kneels in her sunny faith,
 Lisping her prayer :
The Book of the Future
 Love-clasped for her there.

Love-clasped, it is so,
 (Why warm tears flow ?)
In that love, O my heart,
 You may summer and glow,
Till you ripen in lowliness,
 Patient and mild :
The soul of a woman,
 The faith of a child !

HYMN OF PRAISE.

TO THE TRINITY.

CREATOR, Redeemer, Sanctifier,
Touch us with Thy holy fire,
Kindling love our souls inspire,
Soaring upwards, higher, higher.

Loudly let the anthem swell,
Reaching where Thy angels dwell ;
Choir on earth, and choir above,
Mingling in one strain of love.

Grand and solemn, sweet and high,
Pour, oh, pour the melody ;
Break, oh, break the earthly chain,
Free our souls for joy again.

All Thy works are glad in Thee,
Ocean, sky, and earth, and air :
All around, in harmony,
Move our hearts to praise and prayer.

Come, then, souls, glad tribute bring,
(Heaven is nearer when we pray ;)
Angels scatter, as we sing,
Golden blessings on our way.

Every lip its anthem raise,
Every heart love-voiced and free
Join the spirit-songs of praise
To the Triune Majesty.

THE WELL OF SYCHAR.

COME to the well of Sychar, cool and fair,
Out of the noise and turmoil let us go ;
A hunger-touched, and weary Christ is there,
And patient waits, our inner wounds to know.

Oh, come awhile, for in these restless ages,
We need the quiet converse with the Lord ;
The fever-thirst of life, His gift, assuages,
With water pure, the bread, and living Word.

Shall we not warm, and gladden to the story,
Left by Christ's heart for weary ones to read ;
With bent-heads listen, while the Lord of glory
Meets the deep longing of our urgent need ?

Shall we not leave, as did Samaria's daughter,
All lower wants, "the pitcher," by the way,
And take from Him the gracious "living water,"
The priceless gift, God offers us to-day ?

Nor need we climb the far Samaria mountain,
Here at this shrine, or on life's wave-worn shore ;
Where eager hearts pray, long, or seek the fountain,
A living Christ is waiting evermore.

And " waiting to be gracious," O our Saviour,
Shall not our prayer-cleansed hearts keep holy tryst,
And pause with chastened and subdued behaviour,
To learn fresh lessons from the heart of Christ ?

Till a glad Advent, on our spirits dawning,
Light with its radiance all our future way,
Make beautiful our truest Christmas morning,
And glory-touch our happiest New Year's day.

ON THE COAST.

(GWALLIA.)

WE cannot calm our hearts to-night,
Unless we sing a song to thee,
Thou matchless spirit of delight,
Exulting sea !

We heard a voice across the bay,
It whispered through the flush and foam,
" Oh, wherefore, wherefore did you stray
So far from home ?

Am I not fair?" Thou art! thou art!
Most beautiful of lands art thou,
Old Gwallia, with the poet heart
And prophet brow ;

Most beautiful, our souls' refrain
Repeats it here, and evermore,
By castled crag, and hill, and plain,
And on the shore.

And Caswell, Langland, Rotherslade,
Are gems in royal beauty set,
And all true love would from us fade
E'er we forget

Their witchery 'neath the heavenly light
From west'ring cloud-hills, angel-trod ;
Sun-floods, and sea-floods, and delight,
And gleams from God.

Ah ! who could paint, in such an hour,
The glow, and glory, glint, and gleam ?
'Twould aye defy the Painter's power
Or Poet's dream ;

To catch the moment, when the sun
Flings his regalia on the deep,
And all his liquid splendours run
Along the steep,

Touching the ships, with freighted souls,
The passioned souls of living men ;
As hard to paint the love that folds
And circles them,

As trace thy beauty, and thy might
When deep to deep in rapture calls,
Just ere the shadow of the night
Upon thee falls.

In vain ! in vain, although the heart
Fire-nerve the hand that sweeps the string,
We could not reach thee as thou art,
Thou glorious thing !

God's mightiest symbol ! words are weak,
They cannot count thy marvels o'er ;
More eloquent the waves that break
Upon the shore.

Then sing to us, soul-voicèd waves,
Dirge, Anthem, Jubilate, free,
Rise o'er the rocks, and fill the caves,
Exulting sea !

And sing us welcome : for we turn
Old Gwallia to thy rugged breast,
With joy, and gladness, we return,
And love thee best.

ELIM AND MARAH.

'Tis not alone in Elim with its palms and wells
God's presence dwells ;
'Tis most in Marah : when He comes to heal,
His love we feel ;

Not when the manna falls in all its sweetness,
In joy's repleteness,
But when we hunger, thirst, nigh to despair,
He hears our prayer.

When we are sad, our griefs about us clinging,
Deep shadows bringing,
Then comes the Healer, with pure balm to give,
And bids us live.

When waves are rising, and the tempest lowers
'Mid storms and showers,
Ah ! is not *then* the Saviour's tender breast
An Ark of rest ?

When we are faint, and weary, solely tried
On every side,
With hands outstretched, 'mid darkness and distress,
He comes to bless.

He knows the griefs, our lips refuse to tell,
Yea, knows them well ;
And marks each tear-drop, as it silent falls,
And softly calls

Our souls to Him, 'mid hunger, thirst, or wailing,
His love prevailing,
Lifting our thoughts with hopes that will not die
Of immortality,

And love, and light, beyond our spirit-dreams,
And starry gleams
Of the hushed rest, for which the soul has striven
Our home, our heaven.



THE COTTAGE SONG.

COME, sit you by the fire, Mary,
In your accustomed place,
And let the firelight flicker, love,
Upon your pensive face.

'Tis thus you look so happy, love,
So calm and peaceful now,
The knitting in your busy hands,
The firelight on your brow.

Our little darlings sleep, Mary,
They've had thy tender care ;
Thou'st lulled to rest each merry voice,
And heard each lispèd prayer.

And sweet is our own home, Mary,
Our little sheltered nest,
Its rose-porch door, and frugal store,
Its air of peace and rest.

We've had our share of toil, Mary,
But oh ! how many a gleam
Of love, and trust, and hope, and joy,
Has fallen on the stream.

Then let's be thankful still, Mary :
Rich blessings God has given,
Let's look up to our Father still,
Still, put our trust in heaven.

Thy bright blue eyes are raised, Mary,
In love's own hopeful bliss,
And now I feel upon my cheek
The sweetness of thy kiss.

Wife of my heart, with busy hands,
The firelight on thy brow,
I press thee, dearest, to my heart,
God's treasured gift art thou.

BY THE SEA.

As yon white sea-bird, with its piteous wail,
Sweeps o'er the sea ;
Or as the light upon yon tossing sail
Flits mournfully,

I sat and pondered on the changing sea,
The wreck-strewn sands ;
I stood, tear-blinded, with dumb misery,
With folded hands.

I heard the wild waves murm'ring leave the shore,
Like requiem knells ;
Repeating the same story o'er and o'er,
While broken shells

Re-echoed still the sad song of the sea
Along the way ;
" Listen, O soul : I sing, I sing to thee,"
They seemed to say ;

" Seek not, oh, seek not happiness below,
A fruitless quest ;
Read here, God's teaching, as thou walkest slow,
Nor dream of rest.

O yearning heart, life is not what it seems ;
 'Tis full of grief :
To-day may bring some silver-lighted gleams,
 Whose stay is brief ;

Then sorrow comes, with tempest, wind, and rain,
 Or whirlwind sweep :
One voice alone can still the troubled main,
 And trance the deep.

And joy is in obedience to His will ;
 Sing, ocean waves ;
We, we are calmèd by His " Peace, be still,"
 Who heals and saves.

In Faith lift up the tear-dimmed eyes to God,
 Though rough the way ;
And though the wreck-strewn beeches must be trod,
 'Mid blinding spray,

If love to Him warm in thy heart is glowing,
 Oh, there shall be
A wondrous radiance from the cloud outflowing
 Across the sea.

Light after light shall dawn, and beauty fair
 Shall flood the sands ;
And thou shalt for thy Lord, in work and prayer,
 Unfold thy hands.

Yea, though the ocean, with its billows roll,
'Mid storm and swell,
A refuge fails not for the ransomed soul ;
All will be well.

And she may take her timbrel, and be glad,
In holy tryst ;
Singing above the sea-dirge, low and sad,
Encalmed in Christ."

"THE VOICE OF MY BELOVED."

(SONG OF SOLOMON, ch. ii.)

"THE voice of my Beloved,"
It cometh o'er the hills,
And the rapture, and the gladness,
My waiting spirit fills.
I have seen Him through the lattice,
But now He draweth near,
And my soul is drowned in sweetness,
That o'er-mastereth my fear.

I know that what He wishes
Is to strengthen, heal, and calm,
To fold me in His sunshine,
In His blessed dew and balm ;

He says, "Rise up, my fair one,
"Rise up, and come away!"
And my soul is moved to meet Him,
And joyfully obey.

He calls me to His shadow
To taste His sweet delight;
The Rose of Sharon calleth,
The Lily pure and bright.
O name most sweet, and fragrant,
O joy of all most dear,
A soul in breathless waiting,
The Bridegroom drawing near.

For He hath said, The Winter
Is past, the rain is o'er,
And all the joys of Spring-time
On longing souls I pour;
The glad fresh earth rejoices,
The rich, ripe fruits appear,
And flowers of living beauty
My ransomed ones shall wear.

He brings us to His banquet,
And His banner, I can see,
Is love, and dear love only
For us eternally.
We may dwell safe and happy,
Nor fear the tempest shock,
Hid, in the secret places,
In the high clefts of the rock.

We know the face of beauty,
The soul's dear lovèd choice,
The sweet, sweet face that waiteth,
The incense-breathing voice.
"He feeds among the lilies,"
He bids us watch and pray
Until the blessed day break,
And the shadows flee away.

BEAUTIFUL BUCKS-MILLS.

(NEAR CLOVELLY.)

OUT in this lovely valley,
With a people brave and free ;
Out in the glorious sunshine,
Down by the sounding sea.

Learning many a lesson
In boulder, and rock, and stone ;
Lessons of joy and beauty,
In light, on the blue sea's foam.

Watching the track of glory,
Marked by the setting sun,
The sweep of his robe 'cross the sea,
When his fiery work is done.

Walking into the shadows,
Under the sumptuous trees,
In the cool depths of "The Hobby,"
(Hail to such "hobbies" as these !)

Lingering on till the twilight,
Robed in her purple mist,
Mountain, and stream, rock and wood,
The golden sun has kissed.

Waiting until the moonbeams
Shine over the silent sea,
Trancing its heart, like the heart of Saul,
'Neath David's minstrelsy.

With soul as free as the Curlew,
Taking her measureless way,
Touching the earth as lightly
As her silver wing, the spray.

With Nature's lips repeating,
Around me; beneath, above,
"Am I not plainly teaching
God's wonderful name of Love ?"

To gaze on her face with rapture,
To look in her holy eyes ;
Yes, heart to heart, to love her,
And melt in her sympathies.

Holding, dearer than Nature,
This song, with soul-stirring spell,
“Thanks be to God, ever thanks
For His gift unspeakable !”

For Earth in richest splendour,
Ne'er for His love sufficed ;
It could not tell the children
The Saviour name of Christ.

His Golden Book has told it ;
His soul, through the souls of men ;
And here in this beautiful valley
I utter a deep Amen !

Sing it with me, oh, sing it,
Around us, beneath, above ;
Sing it, each reconciled spirit,
Ineffable name of Love !

“GATHERED TO HIS FATHERS.”

(IN MEMORIAM D. P.)

SOFTLY my hand shall touch the string,
A gentle requiem murmuring ;
Not loud and long, but low and sweet,
Because a pilgrim's tired feet
Have entered into rest.

And you will take the refrain up,—
No bitter tears are in the cup ;
No bitter tears, we shed for him,
For he is gathered quiet in :
Our sire is with the Lord.

Oh, sweet to think of such an one,
The brave fight fought, the victory won ;
The noble sire, bright, calm, and good,
Joining the royal brotherhood,
Rejoicing with his peers.

He knows the blessed daybreak now,
The glows of heaven are on his brow ;
And beautiful exceedingly
He walks upon a crystal sea,
Robed in celestial calm.

Oh, take the solace pure and high,
Another star is in the sky ;
Another chain on earth is riven,
To form a golden link for heaven,
In him, your blessed dead.

And he is stronger *there*, to bless,
Keeping love's changeless tenderness ;
So tears, fall soft as summer rain,
And soul, take up the sweet refrain,
Sigh softly over him :

Not looking *here*, but looking up,
No bitter tears are in the cup ;
No bitter tears we shed for him,
For he has learned Redemption's hymn :
Our sire is with the Lord.



THE VISION.

NIGHT.

I HAD been dreaming of a stormy sea,
Of tossing bark, and billows proud and high ;
The morning broke thick-shadowed over me,
My lyre hung silent by.

I touched the nearest chord : it mournful flung
My list'ning spirit to this dirge of thought
(Tranced was my form, and silent was my tongue :
'Twas from my spirit caught) ;

About my heart there crept a wailing sound,
A thick veil hung on Fancy's glittering well ;
The buds of Hope lay withered on the ground,
Bound in the gloomful spell.

While memory ope'd the archives of the past,
The mildewed arches, solemn, damp, and dim,
Their creeping shadows all around me cast,
Trailing with soil and sin.

I dwelt on History's page, and traced there,
Through the far ages, war, and strife, and pain ;
High souls had keenest suffering to bear,
And all was dark, and vain.

I thought of the afflicted, martyrs dear,
With pale hearts crushed, by stern ancestral fate,
Who waited, ah ! so long, for words of cheer,
Outside the Temple gate.

And every life seemed as a passion flower,
Within whose heart for aye, a cross is borne,
Lit with few beams, and in the tempest shower
Its petals rudely torn.

I pictured Love's young dream, glad, warm, and bright,
Where fortune darkens with her heaviest frown ;
Where bravest hearts find whirlpools, veiled in night,
And oft go shuddering down.

Ah me ! I cried, what trials all must meet !
Rough is the road, and thorny is the way ;
From childhood to old age, man's weary feet
Go wandering oft astray.

Thus sat I silent, and awhile did feel
Spell-bound, and blind, in this entralling ill ;
The mournful mist around my soul did steal
Without the according will.

DAWN.

There rose a spirit 'fore my darkened sight,
Still, calm, and fair, with large and beaming eyes
Half-veiled, and lustrous ; she dispelled the night,
And pointed to the skies.

'Twas holy Faith : she touched the brow of care,
And laid her hand upon my beating heart ;
Till Hope rose up in beauty from despair,
And Joy resumed her part ;

And Prayer's low voice out of the suffering came ;
I felt the fanning of her tender wings,
They folded round me, like a wall of flame,
Warding off evil things.

And Resignation breathèd o'er my brow ;
Swift from my soul the heavy shadows flew,
Low-murmured songs soft-swept my spirit now,
Life's flowers had light and dew.

And gently came to my awaken'd ear
Full many a word of promise, heavenly sweet,
Of constant guidance, and a Father's care
In all the ills we meet.

"Know," said the spirit, "this is not thy rest,
Yet here awhile the life-path must be trod,
A weary path, though leading to the blest—
The mansion homes of God.

"And safety lights are out upon the sea,
Soft radiant lights suffusing every wave
Of human life, though stormily
The winds may run and rave."

DAY.

Then cried my heart, O Father, it is well :
A full Amen, I utter fervently.
Forgive the shadowed heart that did rebel,
And draw it nearer Thee.

My hand swift swept the chords, a summer glow
Lit up rock, chasm, winter storm and blast ;
Christ's dying love illumed the web of woe,
The vision from me passed.

And oh, my brothers ! not a cry can leap
Out of the anguish of the sorrow-sea
But touches Jesus, though He seem to sleep
In dumb tranquillity.

THE RIVER.

LOVER of liberty, laughter and song,
Whimsical, musical, hieing along—
Where art thou going ? oh, tell me, say ?
Heedless, and fetterless, whither away ?
Some one would chain thee : ah ! it is vain ;
Flashing and foaming, and forward again :
Free as a bird, and blithe as a bee,
With ripple and carol, and wild revelry ;
Foaming, impetuous, passionate thing,
Tell me, oh, where art thou hurrying ?
Born in the misty mount, lofty and high,
Cloud-kissed and beautiful child of the sky ;
Emblem of purity, peerless and bright,
Decking the earth with a girdle of light ;
Jewel-starred, glittering, glorious river,—
On through the meadow, and wild blooming heather :—
Bringing through city, the town, and the street
The song of thy dawn, where all melodies meet.
On ! ever on ! thy course must be run ;
Now deep in the shadow, now bright in the sun.
On, ever on ! the river replied,

As the thoughts of the poet—a swift flowing tide :
On, ever on ! till I find me a rest,
Calm-merged in the ocean's broad, beautiful breast :
So thy spirit unsatisfied, longing, will be,
Till it reach the grand rest of Eternity's Sea !

MARTYRS.

MARTYRS, I said ; yes, there are martyrs many,
Touched by pale flames consuming day by day ;
God knows them, though the gay world careless
Marks not their thorn-wove way.

Martyrs there are, not only driven, beaten,
By fire, and sword, and rack, and outward thongs ;
But to those born to sickness, pain, or sadness,
The “martyr” name belongs.

Martyrs there are, whose soul-web is part woven
Of dark threads spun by hands now in the tomb :
A closed letter with its secret tracings,
Is each young life, in its unfolded doom.

Martyrs there are,—ah ! who shall tell their number ?
With hidden heart-wounds, that no eye may see,
Thorn in the flesh, or shadow in the spirit,
Yet known, O God, to Thee !

Thy Martyrs, with their birthright of affliction,
Lame, wounded, weary, tired-hearted, sore ;
To God's " Gate Beautiful " may these be lifted,
And healed for evermore !

Winning the crown through Christ's most dear com-
passion
(He does the poor torn lambs divinely seek),
And we are sure the loving heart of Jesus
" Will send his strongest angels to the weak ! "

He seeth all,—the end, from the beginning ;
We see but broken fragments here and there ;
We can but bring our wounded to the Healer,
With yearning trust, and prayer.

For we believe, Most Merciful and Tender,
All will be well beyond this tossing sea ;
Thy love has shown us, that " the martyrs' " resting
Near the White Throne will be.

And oh ! be ours, to walk with careful footsteps,
Because of these pale martyrs, day by day ;
Judge not, and spurn not, but with Christ-full pity
Mark their thorn-woven way.

LOVE BEAUTIFIETH EVERYTHING.

Love beautifieth everything :

The roughest toil, the lowliest cot,
Is better where its spirit dwells,
Than palace-halls, that hold it not.

Without it, we a pleasure lack,
The purest, best, Our Father gives ;
For Love's an angel in its track,
And free to every heart that lives.

There is no vision half so sweet,
As home's domestic altar crowned
With hearts in harmony that meet,
In sympathy, and kindness bound.

There is no music like the flow
Of low sweet words in sorrow given ;
For loving tenderness below
Will give our lives a touch of heaven,—

A pleasure, time can ne'er destroy,
A clear, a bright eternal spring,
The source of every heart-felt joy :
Love beautifieth everything. ,

GLAD TIDINGS.

RING out ! ring out, O joyful chimes,
From every tower and steeple,
The blessed tidings, from God's heart,
To all the tired people.

Ring out the message, ring it out,
'Tis full of love and glory,
The blessings measureless, that meet
Wove in the Gospel story.

So old, and yet so wondrous sweet,
So full of joy abounding ;
Let "Peace on Earth, Good-will to Men"
In every heart resounding,

Help on to penitence and faith ;
No longer coldly spurning
"The Gift Unspeakable," of God ;
The Father-heart is yearning

To hold, and clasp you in His love ;
The very heavens are ringing,
When angels, to the feet of Christ,
True penitents are bringing.

Then worship in the Christmas chime
That from His heart came welling ;
Joy, gratitude, and praise to God
Fill every human dwelling.

The blessed hope, the blessed Hymn,
With refrain broken never ;
For list'ning souls of every age
Will ring it on for ever.

Until His Kingdom shall have come
(Wrought out the Gospel story) ;
And the lowly Babe of Bethlehem
Be crowned with perfect glory.



EVENSONG.

FOR now, pale Peace has come instead ;
The twilight, with her tender beams,
The soul to calmer heights has led
Beyond youth's fitful gleams.

And though the sun with ruddy glows
Is deepening into silent night,
All hushed the spirit river flows,
Beneath diviner light.

And heaven's stars come one by one,
To lure us with their loving quest ;
And where a summer glory shone,
A purple languor folds in rest.

And in the quiet eventide,
Come voices of the "far away,"
While soft the lapsing wavelets glide
Over the stones, in rippling play.

For after all the storm, the calm,
With lulling voices from the sea,
Love's vesper, breathing holy balm
As with a tranced serenity—

We take it meekly from Thy hand,
(O Good, O Sweet, O Heavenly fair),
The wondrous soul-life Thou hast planned,
And wilt perfect, and wingèd prayer ;

And large-eyed Faith, and Love shall own,
In twilight singing, low and sweet,
How tear-wrought jewels star the crown,
We lay in triumph at Thy feet.

And we will grieve no more, no more
Because we cannot understand ;
But leave the storms that vex the shore
Locked in the hollow of Thy hand.

And help us, gracious Lord, to move,
Along the line of Thy dear will,
That nought shall thwart the Eternal Love
Or drown for us Thy—" *Peace, be still.*"

TO SOPHIE.

WHEN first the firm dear faith of youth
Is rudely shattered in the heart,
And Love's sweet dream, fair set in truth,
Change, death, or falsehood rend apart ;

And all the joyous trust and hope
Are broken into quivering pain ;
The after-life in all its scope
Can never bring such grief again.

Because youth's beauty in the soul
Doth glory-clothe its idol fair,
And sees perfection's rounded whole
In the veiled love awaiting there.

And with a gladsome heart it takes
What seemeth such a glorious guest ;
O woman ! woman ! Dawn awakes,
But shall the evening gather rest ?

Ask any heart,—or rather wait,—
There is a love, perfection's whole,
That doth the faithful one await,
And glory-crown the eager soul.

But oh, not here, it is not here ;
Oft human love is nearest loss,
And what it holds of best and fair
Bears in its heart the hidden cross.

Love ! love ! thy harp is held on high,
Some broken preludes here are given ;
The glory cometh by-and-by,
Its atmosphere is Heaven.

Where grief, death, pain may never be,
But Love is restful, glad, and fair,
And all its perfect melody
Is pulsing through the golden air.

Yes, there is love, in joyful rest,
Where the calm waveless sea is trod ;
And living souls, redeemed and blest,
Are gathered on the hills of God.

O Saviour, Christ, our hearts are slow
To gather from what seemeth loss,
The holy Lilies that aye grow
White, in the shadow of the Cross.

But *there*, O Lover of our souls,
Most Patient Nurse, our eyes may see
How all the mystery life enfolds
Is wrought, to bring us nearer Thee.

ONLY A WORD.

WHAT wonderful power
There is in a word,
By it we are melted,
Or angered, or stirred :
Yes, no—what each meaneth
Some human lives know
In the long deathless echo
Of gladness, or woe.

E'en a tone, all have gathered
What *it* can impart
Of light to the spirit,
Or gloom to the heart ;
What subtle revealings
Of bitter, or sweet,
In a tone, or an accent,
A list'ner may meet.

And a smile, who can measure
The far-reaching thing,
What a summer-sweet blessing,
Or hornet's wild sting,
As angel, or demon
Sends light, or eclipse,
Or honey or Marah,
To play on the lips.

Small things, yet great issues
Have hung on them all,
From Empire's lost glories
To heart's lonely thrall :
For life unto life
Is linked in a chain,
And the great, and the small
With the loss, and the gain.

O pause, then, a moment,
That smile, tone, or word
May arise from the fountain
Love's angel has stirred :
That the outcome be lovely,
And gracious, and fair,
As the blossoms of God
That unfold to the air.

THE LADY KATHERINE.

AND the lady stood up grandly, and she loosed her
raven hair,
With her white hands, firmly grasping jewels that had
glittered there ;
And she cried " I'll weep no longer, all my love is fading
fast,
All the splendour and the sweetness of the olden dream
is past.

“Mist has crept upon its beauty, and the lamp is
growing dim,
Though I’ve tried through all misgiving, still to hold my
faith in him ;
But alas ! ’tis unavailing, heart-break, cease thy sobbing
moan,
Night by night neglect is turning all love’s white-milk
into stone.

“Long I tried, through all his failings, still to keep my
love aglow,
Like a crimson blossom burning through the drifts of
winter snow ;
But to-night I cease for ever : he has thrown the altar
down,
He has trampled on the jewels, he has crushed the
golden crown.

“Worthless ! wrings my soul out strongly, he was worth-
less, weak, and vain !
And you so blind, ah me ! I know it, by my heart that’s
rent in twain ;
Well I know his vows are broken : would that I could
break the spell
That has bound me to you, Arthur, loving you so wildly
well.

“Long you wooed me, ere I loved you, then my life
towards you grew,
E’en to meet your lower level, dross into the gold I
threw,

Bondage took, and meek submission, but my heart is
rebel now,
Growing colder than the marble on yon sculptured
Daphne's brow.

"Love is dead, for you have mocked me, trampled on
Faith's holy shrine,
Arthur, O my Arthur, tell me, heart for heart, but where
is thine ?
It were madness now to love you, take away your fickle
heart,
Take it with its foolish worship, acting still a traitor's
part.

"All but this I could have pardoned, but that you the
cup should fill,
You, so trusted, give me Marah of a woman's bitter-
est ill,
Scorn the love you sued for humbly, love so faithful, true,
and brave,
Buried in neglect and darkness ; fling the ice upon the
grave !

"I'll be cold, and stern, and rock-like,—not a tremor,
tear, or start,
Shall reveal the olden anguish that has wrecked my
woman's heart ;
Let him have her, and my spirit go upon thy higher
way,
We will walk upon the ramparts, though we're blinded
with the spray.

“Time will come when he will weary, of the bauble he
has sought,
He will deem the pleasure cursed, that has been so
dearly bought,
He will hunger for the wife-love, when my heart is cold
and dead ;
He will want the wine of comfort, that his cruel hand
has shed.”

So she mourned, the passionate lady, as she stood so
white and fair,
With the moonlight's clear cold beauty, falling on her
raven hair ;
And her lips were pressed in firmness, and her head was
lifted high,
All her sobs were quelled within her, not a tear was in
her eye.

Lovely things were round about her, in the moonlight
as she stood,
Beautiful, neglected, lonely, in a gorgeous solitude ;
But she heeded not their beauty, nought to her was good
or fair,
While the jewel of her life-crown lay all crushed in dark-
ness there.

Nought to her were wealth and splendour, as she stood
there white and tall,
Nought to her the scenes of beauty, lighting up her
chamber wall,

For she walked in desolation ; silent all the pictures
hung,
Looking calmly on the lady, with her proud heart sorely
wrung.

But she paused in that sad pacing, for a dark and stormy
cloud
Hid awhile the silver moonlight, veiling in a sombre
shroud,
Then the light stole o'er one picture, brightening with
such a gleam,
That the lady gazed upon it, held as 'twere in tranced
dream.

'Twas a wondrous grand old picture, where an artist's
skill did prove
How his soul had brooded reverent, kindling o'er the
work of love,
E'en the moonlight seemed to linger, that the lady's eye
might read
Something of its holy teaching, in her sorrow's urgent
need.

'Twas the Saviour, silent kneeling, in His midnight
agony;
In the garden of His suffering, in the dark Gethsemane ;
And a hush came o'er her spirit as she looked upon
it now,
And she marvelled at the suffering, marked upon that
holy brow :

For the limner took the moment, when the passion of
his pain

Broke in shudd'ring drops of anguish, falling in a crimson
rain ;

Then she took her bible to her, and she read the tale of woe,
Till her iced heart melted in her, and her warm tears
downward flow.

On she read, the noble lady, till she bowed her head and
wept,

While the moonbeam's solemn beauty o'er her raven
tresses crept,

And she cried, "My soul has slumbered in this long
idolatry,

Strange, till now, this picture's meaning never was
revealed to me.

"Often have I looked upon it, but my soul was cold and
blind,

Nought to touch me, or to teach me, in this picture
could I find ;

But to-night it strangely moves me : is it that my madden-
ing pain

Makes my heart in torture keener, to read the truth
again ?"

But it was the Lord who taught her, and the Spirit's
piercing sword,

Touch'd her with its quiv'ring flame-point, till she
worshipp'd and adored,

And 'twas whispered softly to her, " For a lost world and
for thee,
Passed the Saviour through the suff'ring, in the dark
Gethsemane."

And 'twas showed the mourning lady, how she'd lived on
heedlessly,
Hearing not the cry of suffering, or the "sorrow on the
sea ; "
In her idol dream of pleasure, thinking that her heart
could rest,
Till the barb of keenest anguish, pierced the king-joy of
her breast.

Then each night, all sad and lonely, she would pace the
chamber where
Hung the picture which first melted her stone heart from
its despair,
Night by night, all sad and lonely, like an arrow-piercèd
dove,
Waiting for her soul's assurance, of her Saviour's pitying
love.

But it came at last to bless her, she could wring the
golden fleece,
And could find God's dew upon it, telling her of joy and
peace,

And her heart was calmed within her, for its fountain
welled anew,
And a love re-set, and holy, from the old wreck'd worship
grew.

By affliction's mournful Marah grew Faith's blossoms
white and fair,
And a palm of holy promise, waved above each tearful
prayer ;
And her soul, through tribulation, found at last a perfect
rest,
Leaning chastened, healed, and pardoned on her dear
Redeemer's breast.

For she meekly read the teaching, growing gentle, calm,
and mild,
With her soul turned to her Saviour, with the meek faith
of a child,
And she toiled in teaching others, and the suffering, sick,
and poor,
Ne'er were sent without a solace, from the Lady
Katherine's door.

Those whose suffered came for comfort, and the children
she would meet
Looked and loved, and yearned towards her, as they
met her smiling sweet,

For she grew like her dear Master, who had chosen her
to be

A handmaid for His goodness, and for hallowed ministry.

Thus she lived, the Lady Katherine, till the Lord came
softly down,

One still Summer eve, to give her, her bright robe and
starry crown,

And we laid her very reverent, calm within the abbey
walls,

Just where many a glow of beauty from the oriel window
falls.

There her white tomb softly gleameth ; and as round the
anthem swells,

Our souls go floating upward, where our sainted Lady
dwells ;

For we know that now she reapeth that for which her
soul had striven,

She is happy with the angels, she is safe with Christ in
heaven.



TO MY MOTHER.

Thou wast my childhood's idol spell—
The music of a long delight.

I CLING to thee, dearest,
O brightest and best,
The hid-life thou nearest
The glorified rest :
God bless thee, my mother !
Christ keep thee, and clear
Be the path of thy soul,
As the night draweth dear.

All mellow in beauty,
O fair-going down
Of a life, wherein duty
Each day won a crown.
Going down, did I say ?
Yet only as we
See the rich autumn sun
Sink adown in the sea ;

To rise on a morrow,
Unveiled from the mist,
When the pale lips of sorrow
To life, shall be kissed ;

When welcome of gladness
To thee will be given,
Changing death-sigh of time
Into birth-cry of heaven.

For us will be weeping,
And tremblings of pain,
When we know we are seeking
Thy presence in vain
In this life ; for, O darling,
It holdeth for me
Nought of glory, or light,
But love links it with thee.

Will link it for ever,
For ever and aye,
For the good seed can never
From life pass away ;
True wife-hood, and mother-hood
Perfect in thee,
Make a crown of rejoicing
The Future shall see.

Thou knowest, O darling,
That scarcely a word
From my lips to distress thee
Thou ever hast heard ;
And I deem it the royalest
Gift from above ;
A mother thus worthy
Of measureless love.

O blameless one, beautiful !
Falling on rest,
Let me lay for a moment
My head on thy breast ;
Let me weep, yet all solemnly
Gladden to see
How tenderly God in death
Dealeth with thee,—
As yon rich Autumn sun
Softly sinks in the sea.

“THE KNIFE TO CUT, THE CORD TO
BIND.”

THANKS for the teaching: to our heart
We took it, with a silent prayer
That He who giveth grace and truth,
Would write the living lesson there.

Ah ! much we need “the cord and knife”—
The knife to cut, the cord to bind ;
Yet 'tis alone in Christ our Lord
That we can true deliverance find.

God help us ! we are blind and weak,
Yet, like to Abraham, we would go ;
Only upon the cord and knife
Sometimes the foolish tears will flow.

We gladly bring the fire and wood,
But, ah ! the Isaac of our heart
(God's gift we thought it), can it be
That we are called from *it* to part ?

God of our spirits, help us now
To live this lesson Thou hast sent,
And with a stronger, sterner will,
Cast out the idols from our tent.

SPIRIT OF SONG.

“And the angel Israfil, whose heart-strings are a lute, and who has the sweetest voice of all God's creatures.”—*Koran*.

I DO not woo thee thus to bring me fame,
O passionate spirit, subtle, clear, and strong,
Kindling my soul with rapture-burning flame,
Lighting its halls with song.

Thou dost enwrap me in thy tender wings,
Thou dost enchant me with thy witchery,
Thou dost entrance me, till my spirit clings,
Mingling itself with thee.

I hear thee often, in the dead of night,
When the lulled waves are sinking into rest,
And softly falls a flood of silver light
O'er the earth's sleeping breast.

Thou hoverest o'er me at the break of day,
Fanning my soul with waking happy thought,
When orient gleams of light are round my way
Swift from thy spirit caught.

I feel thee near me in the pensive eve,
When mournful music murmurs in the soul ;
'Tis then, the sweetest fancies thou dost weave
For song's immortal scroll.

When I am sad, thy low-toned, tender calls,
Wooing me gently from the brink of ills,
Do lure me on, to Thought's pure marble halls,
And joy my spirit fills.

I am thy child, great Spirit : kindling fire
From out of thy censer burneth in my breath ;
Commune with me, be my exulting lyre
By thy grand finger prest.

Aud God-directed be my poesy,
Baptized in beauty, breathing love and trust ;
Shedding around a holy amity,
Raising the soul from rust ;

With Thought, that touches on diviner things ;
Keeping alight our best humanities,
And shrouding, as it were in angel-wings,
Our life's adversities.

Wreathing the time-worn altars of the heart
With radiant buds, from Hope's immortal tree,
Keeping alight the veiled angel-part
With heavenly minstrelsy.

Pointing beyond the time-worn, weary strand,
To the far confines of the eternal shore ;
Singing the glories of the radiant land,
Vast, and for evermore.

This be thy mission, spirit of my life,
Sweet Israfel, sing o'er the troubled stream ;
Sing thy clear songs, amid the storm and strife
Of life's tumultuous dream.

FAITH'S REST.

OH, had we not an anchor, Lord, in Thee,
Oh, had we not a hope beyond the earth,
The wearied spirit would all shipwrecked be ;
But our deep anguish gives a second birth
To holy thought, while kindlings from the sky
Dawn on the spirit, piercing the gloom,
A phoenix soaring, new-created, high,
From the dim ashes of its burning tomb ;

A Tantalus is every human heart,
Longing, and thirsting, panting to be free,
Till its sore-tried and wounded Angel part
Findeth its home in joyful liberty.
Life hath no halcyon rest, till earth be trod
By Angel feet, and re-baptized in God.

THE GOLDEN AGE.

WHEN the bright confines of the heavenly rest
Dawn on the soul, the everlasting hills
Bathe in the glory of a changeless west
That knows no darkening, and the happy rills
Laugh, in a constant ripple of delight
Unshadowed, and the eternal river
Girdeth with joy, full flashing in the sight
And smile of Him, who is the bounteous Giver ;
When life is love, that never knows a tear,
When life is light, no clouds can gather o'er,
When life is rest, and no disturbing fear
Dulleth Hope's crystal beam, but evermore
Round after round of joy, this—*this* will be
The golden age,—it is Eternity.

BRIGHT AUTUMN DAYS.

O RADIANT pause of glory-lighted splendour,
When Nature nears her borderland of rest,
And God doth touch her, with His hallowed finger
On all her vestments, lip, and brow, and breast !
How beautiful in death, like a freed spirit
Dropping the cumbrous burden, laying down
The grosser elements, glad to inherit
Sublimar regions, and a starrier crown ;
Her work perfected, had no weak delaying,
No fretting from the turmoil of self-will,
But God's full purpose joyfully obeying,
She glows before Him, eloquent and still ;
And *we* may learn from her divine repose,—
Peace comes from God, and from *obedience* flows.

"WE SHALL BE SATISFIED."

WE bless Thee, Father, for a hope like this,
A heaven-lit joy to meet Faith's yearning kiss,
With blessed dream of resurrection bliss.

Ah ! sad, so sad ! would this our life appear,
If those hushed forelands shone not calm and clear,
Beyond the shadows veiling glory here ;

A mournful discord surely it would be,
Merciful God, without this faith in Thee,
This golden glow of immortality,

Lighting the rough and thorny path we tread,
With stars of promise gleaming overhead ;
Love's table in the wilderness outspread.

We read but dimly this life's mystic scroll,
"We shall be satisfied," when we reach that goal,
In the grand Birthday of the winged soul.

When through the crucible it has been past,
And all the dross from out the gold is cast,
And it has found its perfect Home at last,

The cleared vision will Thy purpose see ;
Jehovah-ropi ! we believe in Thee,
And hear this echo cross the heavenly sea ;

Out of Thy book, Thy heart, this solace take
(Waiting the morning that will surely break),
"When with Thy likeness, Jesus, we awake,
We shall be satisfied."

A PRAYER FOR THE NEW YEAR.

IN this last evening of the dying year

What would'st thou, soul of mine ?

That Thou would'st make me, Jesus Christ, my Saviour,
More wholly Thine.

That Thou would'st take away whatever dross
Obscures the gold ;
That I may, with meek patience, bear the Cross ;
That I may hold

Fast by Thy hand, learn hard, and look above
With joyful prayer ;
And ne'er forget that garments gleaming white
Thy saints should wear.

I pray for recollection, O my Saviour,
In trials testing,
That Thou would'st make, and mould, my whole behaviour;
My life investing

With gracious sweetness, strength, and loving-kindness,
More like my Lord ;
That all dear human loves may grow, and ripen,
In sweet accord.

As sure they will, beneath Thy benediction
And leadings fair,
Sought in the passion of a holy fervour
Of faith, and prayer.

Not for myself alone, or those dear loved
I pray to-night ;
But that those in the outer darkness, Father,
May find " The Light."

That ere the "New Year," with its silver chiming,
 Its welcome rings,
They too may find the only "Place of Refuge"
 Under Thy wings.

In this last solemn hour, of prayer, and watching,
 O Spirit, shine !
Brood o'er Thy Church, rebathe her ransomed children
 In Love Divine !



THE DREAM.

It was a far, fair distant land, that rose upon my view,
With noble hills of lofty height, and sky of azure blue ;
And voices sweet, and musical, were floating in the air,
And beauty shed her radiant light, and glory everywhere.

I longed to go, but ah ! there rolled, between that land
 and me,
Foam-crested waves, that must be passed, a broad' and
 changing sea ;
And from its depths there came a voice, that bade me
 wade it o'er,
Ere I could be admitted, or be welcomed on that shore.

Bravely then methought I plunged, and as I sped away,
Exulting o'er my reckless head, I dashed the shining
 spray ;

Delighted with the sparkling floods, deluded with the
glare,
I trifled with the breakers, and was taken in their snare.

Awhile I lingered wantonly, and floated thoughtless on,
Until a fearful storm arose, and all the light was gone ;
Nor thought I of that beauteous land, till o'er my weary
head
Came gloomy Night, with heavy step, his banner to out-
spread.

The waters grew all turbid, and mighty rose the wave,
And mournfully I wept to hear the billows round me
rave ;
My waning strength had nearly failed, when a low voice
said to me,
“ If thou wilt try e'en yet awhile, that country thou shalt
see.”

Then gladly I obeyed the voice : an unseen hand was
near,
To guide me through the deepest floods, to comfort, and
to cheer ;
Now steadily I floated on, and soon before my eye
I saw again the hills of light, I saw the azure sky.

A mighty arm supported me, until I reached the shore,
When lo ! the clouds of night were gone, and hushed the
billows' roar ;
And oh, the joy and loveliness ! my pen will never trace
The beauty of that spirit-land, the glory and the grace.

I saw the angel myriads, in that fair land above,
And kindness shone in every eye, and happiness, and
love ;

Some were communing soul to soul, with faces beaming
bright,
And some were floating round me, in their robes of living
white ;

And some were bending o'er their harps ; I heard their
voices raise,

And sweetly sing to heaven's King, a song of joy and
praise ;

One group rose up with earnest look, as though they were
intent

Upon some mission merciful, to other spheres sent.

And children fair were gathered there ; I saw them
culling flowers

That round them grew, of every hue, a world of Eden
bowers ;

And I would too for ever stay, but from my sleep I woke,
And thus I pondered on my dream, and thus my spirit
spoke :

Tis even so, it murmured low : in early youth we stray
Upon the broad deep sea of life, and dash the shining
spray ;

We think there's gladness in its waves, till pleasure's
chain is riven,

And then we turn our vagrant thoughts towards the land
of heaven.

Oh, let me hear the still, small voice, that calleth me away
From all the traitor breakers, that would dazzle to betray ;
I would not wait till sorrow comes, or darkness o'er the
 sea,

But I would bring a glad young heart, an offering to
 Thee:

Then when life's changing sea is past, I too may find a
 rest

Among the good, as in my dream, the happy and the
 blest.

ONLY IN THEE.

ONLY, my God, in Thee,

 Only in Thee.

Here all our joys are curst,

Still is the soul athirst,

Searching on wearily,

Till all its springs shall be

Only, my God, in Thee,

 Only in Thee !

Only, my God, in Thee,

 Only in Thee,

Out of the tempest-rage,

Into safe anchorage,

Now and eternally ;

Let the soul's centre be

Only, my God, in Thee,

 Only in Thee !

Only, my God, in Thee,
Only in Thee :
Light, beauty, peace, and rest,
Breathe o'er the troubled breast,
Balm for the soul oppressed ;
Reaching *true* liberty,
Only, my God, in Thee,
Only in Thee !

E'en when the golden bowl
Breaks, and the parting soul,
Like a tired bird, will flee
Over the sorrow-sea ;
Still let the soul-psalm be,
Only, my God, in Thee,
Only in Thee !

Only, my God, in Thee,
Only in Thee !
Till the dark river past,
Homed with our Lord at last,
Joy comes exceedingly ;
Glory and praise will be,
Only, my God, in Thee,
Only in Thee !

TRUE LIFE.

“MAN shall not live by bread alone,”
The Lord of life hath said ;
And he who grasps but earthly good
Ne’er liveth, but is dead.

Success in life,—it seemeth me
No heart, it e’er sufficed,
But oft it turns a Judas’ lip
Upon the face of Christ.

The highest treasure hidden there,
In that desired goal,
Has nothing half so sweet as this,—
God’s smile upon the soul.

“Heaven is made up of beaaten men,”
I heard a poet say ;
Oft vanquished *here*, means victor *there*,
Where tears are wiped away.

O pale sad faces, marked with care ;
With hearts that patient wait :
To One, you are of priceless worth,
Within the pearly gate.

The spirit *lives*, that yearns to God,
A child of light to be ;
The silent victories of the heart
The Master joys to see.

For *you*, in darkest night of all,
When heavy trials frown,
He lets, with tender hand of Love,
His golden ladder down.

For you, His angels come and go,
The glory pathway trod,
To bring you solace, warmth, and light,
Fresh from the home of God.

And you are children of a King ;
Light up, pale faces marked with care ;
The world despises,—you shall have
A royal welcome there !

And even here, the lowliest lot
This crowning pleasure hath,
The foretaste of immortal joys,
The blessedness of Faith !

TWILIGHT.

I AM not sad, when I am lone,
Oh, no ! I am not sad ;
'Tis then I see the radiant eyes
That make my spirit glad.

A holy presence 'circles me,
Soft fall her downy wings,
And to my heart, the Angel saith
A thousand pleasant things.

Methinks I see her beauteous head ;
A cloud of sun-light hair
Falls round her, as she bends o'er me,
And bids me kneel in prayer.

Her breath's an incense o'er my heart,
As zephyr, o'er the sea ;
It soothes its fretted waves to rest
In hushed tranquillity.

I feel the presence here to-night,
While Evening's growing dim ;
More glorious in increasing light,
The guardian cherubin.

Ethereal essence, Angel, friend,
Immortal ! ever stay,
And help me o'er my pilgrim path
With thy unerring ray.

God-sent thou art, and beautiful ;
Whate'er thy name may be,
A messenger of peace and rest
Thou seemest unto me.

Write on the tablets of my heart
My Father's holy will,
And give me strength, and light, and love,
My mission to fulfil.

Not in the city's busy throng,
I see thee, beaming clear,
But in silence, and in solitude
I know thee hovering near.

Oh, from a child I have believed,
And no one taught it me,
That the Angels of the living God
Have still their ministry.

“MY MEDITATION OF HIM SHALL BE
SWEET.”

(PSALM CIV. 34.)

THOU dost seem sweet to me, to-night,
I can rejoice above my fears ;
My lamp of Faith gives steadier light
Above my blinding tears.

The bark is cradled on the deep,
The waves are lulled in holy calm ;
No shadows o'er the glory creep :
I lean upon Thine arm.

And Thou dost whisper to my heart,
Look from thyself, and lean on Me,
And I will grace and strength impart,
And I will comfort thee.

O holy Master, there were times
When I could only weep a prayer ;
But now, some low, soft, rapture chimes
Are falling on the air.

The quiet dew is gleaming round,
And the hushed heart can gently sing ;
Thy glory girdeth every cloud,
While I am worshipping.

Glad is my soul in Thee to-night ;
Oh that my spirit might attain
The clear, calm azure of the height,
“ Peace passing understanding,” gain !

No discord 'tween my will and Thine,
Love-loyal, to the inmost core !
Then would the Psalmist's silver chime
Ring through my being evermore.

I should rejoice in Thee, all day,
Nor dread the trials I must meet ;
Soft singing o'er the roughest way,
“ My meditation shall be sweet.”

UNDER THE SNOW.

My heart was as sad as a sullen sea,
When three little snow-drops were given to me :
No sun had shone on them, but, swept by the blast,
Their lot in the lap of the Winter was cast.

And though 'twas a stormy day, darkened and drear,
Their beautiful faces shone calmly, and clear,
And their spirit-tones talked to me, softly and low,
Of the love that had sheltered them, under the snow.

And the pure white blossoms were patient and fair,
With their meek heads bending as if in prayer ;
And I thought me, how wondrous their growth in the sod,
These flowers of the Winter, these blossoms of God.

Like Faith seemed the snow-drops, in brightness and
bloom,
Like Faith growing stronger in shadow, and gloom ;
For they whisper'd, how bravely through storms they had
striven,
These three little snow-drops, like angels from heaven.

And they lightened my heart, till the rays on the sea
Grew broader, and broader, with comfort for me ;
For had they not told me, all softly and low,
Of the love of God nurturing, under the snow ?

ALONE.

"Helen," I said, "If God permit the dead to return to us in times of peril, temptation, or danger, will you come to me?" "I will," she replied.

ALONE, they say ; but it may be
Thy angel-eyes are bent on me.
I seem to feel thee here to-night,
 O vision bright !
 While shadowed night
Grows luminous, and starry-winged.

Thy holy glance I scarce can meet,
Yet let me gather at thy feet :
Didst thou not promise, long ago,
To meet me in all weal or woe ?
Did God permit thee ? Even so—
I know and feel thy deathless love.

Helen, I pause, and pray, and wait,
A suppliant at the golden gate.
Ask Him thou lov'st, ask Him to-night,
If He will give me back my sight,
The old clear vision, glad, and bright ;
 Oh, pray for me.

How beautiful ! I cannot deem
That this is but a fevered dream.
I see thee standing meekly there,
Half-shrouded, in thy long bright hair :
I hear thy low, impassioned prayer,
Strong, tender soul.

These human tears fall thick and fast,
Oh, thralldom, from my heart be cast ;
Love ! break the chain that hinders me,
Love ! cast this idol in the sea ;
Dark waves subside : O let me ride,
Safe, at the anchorage of my God.



SUNDAY EVENING.

WORSHIP IN A QUAKER'S MEETING.

'Tis the quiet eventide,
Draw our spirits, Lord, to Thee ;
Closer in our hearts abide,
As we worship silently.

'Tis a blessed time of thought ;
Every prayer the Lord will hear,
If the purest gifts are brought,
Gold, and frankincense, and myrrh.

Now, while tender, gleaming dews,
 Fall upon the thirsting flowers,
And rich floods of gloried hues
 Beautify the evening hours ;

While the bustle, and the din,
 Of the noisy week is fled,
List'ning hearts grow hushed within,
 With thy influence o'er them shed.

Holy fragrance from above
 On the heart comes softly down,
Changing, with its breath of love,
 Bitter cross, to golden crown.

"Peace, be still," falls on the sea,
 Calming life's too eager quest ;
Humbled spirits, taught of Thee,
 Ripen, in the joyful rest.

Thou who givest only good,
 Bless us, as thy aid we seek,
Let this day's beatitude
 Reach through all the coming week.

"ACROSS THE WATERS."

"Across the waters,"—many thus
 Are called the Blessed Lord to meet,
Who else had surely missed the way
 To find His feet.

“If it be *Thou*,” O Master, say,
“If it be *Thou*,” here is the test :
Thou knowest how my weary heart
Is seeking rest.

“Across the waters”—silent, deep
And lonely, will He meet me here ?
O heart, take courage, for He saith—
“Be of good cheer !”

But I am trembling, weak, and poor,
I shudder at the trial brink,
Yet struggling faith yearns up to God,
Say, can I sink ?

Oh, never, never : question not
The wisdom of the Lord’s decree ;
E’en now the wounded hands of Christ
Are stretched to thee.

The way it is so stormy rough,
Dear Lord, and I am stricken sore,
Oh, let me hear Thy precious “Come”
Repeated o’er.

For oh, such blessed solace is
In that love-breathed word of Thine,
Courage, and strength, and hope, and trust,
And peace divine !

My heart is list'ning, let me hear
Thy voice, above the seething waves ;
Yes, I believe that Jesus calls,
That Jesus saves !

Surely, my Saviour, it is Thou,
"E'en in the fourth watch of the night :"
Make me obedient to Thy will,
Oh, set me right !

For Thou art calling, singing sweet,
Above the billows' heave, and swell,—
"I never will forsake, or leave ;
All shall be well."

Then lead me, Father, as Thou wilt,
Thy perfect wisdom knoweth best ;
My thirsting soul will find in Thee
A joyful rest.

E'en o'er the waters, be it so :
So 'tis my Lord that calleth me,
Over the stormy waves of life,
Across the sea.



SONG :

(THE HEART'S ECHO.)

THERE are tears in your voice to-night, dearest,
Tears in each tremulous tone ;
What are the shadows saying,
As you sit in the twilight alone ?

Ah ! friend, there are memories waking,
And the old dreams are slow to depart ;
Though the far-reaching dawn may be breaking,
The early grief haunteth the heart.

For had I but read him more truly,
The "might have been," ne'er had been said,
Or the tender, sweet, dream of the morning
At night, be the dirge of the dead.

Was I cold ? 'Twas only in seeming :
I deemed him the noblest, and best,
The armour I wore was but hiding
The love that was throned in my breast.

Had he known *me* better,—oh, wander,
Ye visions, far out of my way,
Or my heart will grow weak in the musing,
Unfit for the toils of the day.

Ah, friend ! I am brave, you have told me,
Let me weep just a moment ; 'tis o'er,
Remember I am but a woman :
The gathered wave breaks on the shore.

I was sorrowful, dear, in the twilight,
The music woke echoes in me ;
For,—never, oh, never, it murmured,
Yet ever, for ever, 'twill be.

GWALLIA.

Love you the mountain, stern and grand?
You may find it here, in my native land.
Love you the valley, lone and sweet?
It is spreading there at the mountain's feet.
Love you the torrent's dash, and roar?
They leap o'er the rocks to the golden shore.
Love you the sea-caves? Come with me
To the solemn cloisters of the sea,
With shadowy depths, storm-rent, and dim,
And the sound of a requiem-dirge within;
And many a turret, and arch, and keep,
God's battlements guarding the awful deep.
Love you the race of the mountain stream,
With its wonderful voice, glint, shadow, and gleam,—
So like in its course to the wand'ring of men,
To city moil-life, from hill, country, and glen;
So like from its source, in the dark rocky womb,
To our being's veiled mystery, dawning, and doom.
Love you the rivulet, sweet and mild?
It talks to our hearts, like a mountain child.
Love you the river's winding sweep?
Caressing, it curves to the mighty deep,
Or over the stony bed, laughs in its glee,
As it hurries away to its home in the sea.
Love you the ivied castles old?
They crown our heights, with their age untold,

Splendidly placed, as though they were
Part of the natural rock-crown there ;
Taking us back to a stormy past,
When life in a different mould was cast,
Telling of battle, and sword, and lance,
Touching the scene with a wild romance.
Love you the common, or breezy wold ?
They're purple with heather, or gloried with gold.
Love you the cottage, the farm, and field ?
A thousand such pictures old Gwallia will yield ;
Peaceful, and lovely, and calm, and fair
As a brooding dove, in the summer air ;
Tender and touching, or wild and grand,
You may find them all, in my native land.
Beautiful Gwallia ! long may it be
Ere discord or darkness shall sweep over thee.
Long may the Bible, the Lyre, and the Throne
Shed light on the hearth, and give joy in the home,
Long may thy children be dauntless and brave
As thy bold craggy heights, and thy wild bounding
wave.

REMEMBRANCE.

(LES YEUX GRIS.)

YES, I could bless them, though their look,
Their last look held no love for me,
Because they higher gladness took
As subtilly.

The tender flush of beauty came ;
The glory of an inward peace
Burn'd in them with a steady flame,
And I could cease

To murmur, though methought they might
Have said " God speed thee, and farewell ! "
Just that an echo of delight
Might in me dwell.

For once I met those deep grey eyes
That sweet " I love thee," seemed to say ;
I met their glance with slow surprise,
And crept away.

For in the shadow of my heart
The rose was thrown—I could not see,
I was tear-blinded—for my part,
And mournfully

Love took the rose, and laid it by,
In silence, not in cold disdain ;
Love is a spirit, sigh for sigh
He felt the pain.

Yet did the sweetness follow me,
Where Art, or Nature, did delight ;
It swept across the tideless sea,
And touched the soft Venezia night.

'Neath the dusk splendours of St. Mark,
I lingered in the early dawn ;
My white rose glimmer'd in the dark,
It had no thorn !

At quaint Schaffhausen, by the church ;
At Como, on its violet deeps ;
Love's missal still the treasure holds,
Love's golden clasp the secret keeps.

LOVE'S PLEADING.

SAY not, that you fear me so,
Lest such love I give another ;
Fear not, darling, for you know
Love's a king, and I'm your lover ;
True love never lost its way,
Joy must crown it every day,
And its music must be heard,
Summer, sweetheart, song, or bird.

Say, " You fear again to trust ; "
Then no burden bear from me,
I just love you, that I must,
And would have you glad and free ;
Would not cast a single chain
O'er your life to give you pain ;
Not a single vow or word,
Summer, sweetheart, song, or bird.

Falls the sun-light on the sea,
Falls the dew upon the flower,
So my spirit turns to thee,
Blessing, with its silent power.
Love, you say, has pain and loss ;
Yet it triumphs o'er its cross ;
Mightiest thing, is heart-love stirred,
Summer, sweetheart, song, or bird.

Darling, look just so on me,
That is all I ask as yet ;
Touch my hand as tenderly,
Voice, in softest cadence set :
Prelude, breathing of the Spring,
Promised joys around me bring,
All its freshness yet unmarred,
Summer, sweetheart, song, or bird.

Love's a prophet, I can see,
Perfect rose of beauty blown ;
All its fragrance turned to me,
All its loyalty my own.
" Bitter sweet !" ah ! mock not so,
Noblest good from love must grow ;
Dearest, let its voice be heard,
Summer, sweetheart, song, or bird.

“IF WE ONLY KNEW THE ROPES.”

TO “L. B.”

“If we only knew the ropes,” ah me !
What clever sailors we should be.
How bright were all our dreaming hopes,
If we but only “knew the ropes.”

Then, little summer-hearted girl,
We should not fear rough wave, or swirl,
With dangers dread the brave heart copes,
If we *can* only “know the ropes.”

For, child, it takes us many a year
To learn the safest way to steer ;
The life-ship is so hard to guide
Across the waters of the tide.

Through all the tempests, rocks, and shoals
That gather round these human souls ;
Yet 'tis the laggard sulks, and mopes—
The skilled hand learns to “know the ropes.”

And through all storms, th' eternal chime
Goes, pulsing o'er the sands of Time.
Re-echoes down the hills, and slopes,—
'Tis Perfect Wisdom “knows the ropes.”

THE DYING YEAR.

AND thou, old year, art gone,
Gone from the silent shore ;
Another wave, from out the sea
Has roll'd its waters o'er.

And in this wond'rous sea
How many breathing forms
Of life, and beauty, have gone down
Amid the raging storms.

Fragments are scattered round,
Torn by the tempest-blast,
Like human promises that proved
Too frail and fair to last !

Here, on the lonely shore
We hear the spirit-knells ;
The murmur of the broken reeds,
The requiem in the shells.

Yet there are under-tones,
Mercy and gladness given,
In life, behind the life, in God,
Foreshadowings of Heaven.

Wrestle, and storm, and wreck,
Martyr ! and palm ! and peace !
Ring out from Life's great heart
Until its pulses cease.

“ WHEN THE GOLDEN BOWL IS BROKEN.”

SOLEMN, and sad, I see them stand,
The mourners round the bier,
I hear the bosom's rising sigh,
I see the falling tear ;
I gaze upon the prostrate form,
And hold my quivering breath,
As I linger in the presence
Of the angel-reaper, Death.

I would whisper to each troubled heart,
His spirit strife is o'er,
It basks in joy ineffable,
And calm for evermore ;
He has risen from that awful sleep,
I see him visioned now
With a glorious crown of fadeless bloom
Upon his lifted brow.

Death seemeth still, and stern, and cold,
A chill and withering flight,
Yet 'tis the portal to the halls,
The starry halls of light :

'Twill free the spirit from its thralls,
Its captive chains destroy,
And open to the wingèd soul
The crystal gates of joy.

Soft wafted from celestial spheres,
Above funereal bells,
I hear the echo from the land
Where sunshine ever dwells.
The grave is but the death of grief :
Eternal life is given,
And I see a holy angel take
His pathway up to Heaven.

Turn from those eyes, deep-curtained now
In death's dark-seeming night,
For the treasures of immortal worlds
Have met their raptured sight ;
Those lips that seem so still, and cold,
Are warbling hymns of love,
Blessing the Father who has called
The tired soul above.

Then mourners, mourn not for the dead,
A Saviour died to save,
He tasted Death, for every man,
A victor, o'er the grave ;
Amid the choral multitudes,
Methinks I hear them sing—
" O grave, where is thy victory ?
O death, where is thy sting ? "

SPRING.

COME on, O Spring, and with thy odorous breath
Let us hear what the heart of Nature saith,
Chiming her life-songs, o'er the brows of death.

Have we not waited, patiently and long,
For the first prelude of thy low, sweet song,
Borne to our hearts in frozen glades along?

Late, where thy dainty foot had lightly trod,
With purest touch, a thought had come from God,
And waked a Snowdrop, on the silent sod.

And now Lent lilies, with their lavish sweet,
Have come with generous joy, our glance to meet,
And spread their cloth of gold beneath our feet.

And the first primrose, with a chaste surprise,
And holy sweetness, and most tender sighs,
Has looked on us, as with an Angel's eyes.

And buttercups and daisies, children's flowers,
Have come, the darlings of the varied hours,
Glowing in light, and spangled with the showers.

And oh, the sense of morning, wakes anew,
In Spring's glad beauty, in her light, and dew
'Neath laughing clouds, and azure vault of blue.

The light of Dawn is ever on her face,
As on she cometh, with her maiden grace,
Filling with music every lonely place.

Come, then, O Spring, out of God's liberal hand,
Spreading for every life, through all our land,
A royal banquet, at a King's command.



“AND THEN STRIKE HOME.”

STRIKE on the anvil of Truth,
Right down to the heart of a man,
Bringing him nearer the light,
Nearer to God, if you can.

Say not, “that bitter is sweet,”
To tickle the ears of men ;
But bitter is bitter, for aye :
Strike home, and repeat it again !

Say—What we sow, we shall reap,
Be it lily, or nettle, or tare ;
Even God would not ripen His fruit
In stifled, or pestilent air.

Teach, that each law, in His love
Is made for life's beauty, and use,
Though priestcraft, and blindness, and sin
Have cast on His goodness, abuse.

That even His rigours are good :
The winter, the storm, and the rain,
(The sorrow, the loss, and the Cross)
Bring the wealth of the gold in the grain.

Teach,—Christ must be King of the soul,
And Reason, the lord of the man ;
Bringing him nearer the light,
Nearer to God, if you can.

Show it, and live it, and be
The Truth you are teaching, and then
A vicar of Christ you will be—
True Healer and Teacher of men.



WINTER.

STERN Winter, thou art come : thy withering breath
Doth scatter desolation all around ;
See, robed in beauty, for the conqueror, Death,
The dead leaves murmur, on the moistened ground,

And in their plaintive utterance, sad and low,
 'Mid Nature's wreck of loveliness they say—
We did in life our Maker's will out-show,
 Now, at His bidding, we but pass away.
And ye, sweet Flowers, that Summer waked to bloom,
 Where are ye gone, with all your fragrant breath ?
Ye too have sunk into a silent tomb,
 So sleep, awhile, the long, deep sleep of death.
Yet 'tis not Death, ye say, but growthful sleep
Where God the purpose of new Life doth keep.

SHADOW.

THOSE old beliefs : ah ! where are they ?
 Fainter, as writing on a scroll
Grows fainter, so they fade away,
 And pale, and deaden 'bout the soul.

And those warm hopes : oh, where are they ?
 The fervour and the faith are fled ;
The rose-leaves scattered on the clay
 Are lying round me cold and dead.

Thy dreams of love : ah, where are they ?
 Hush ! hush ! here fiercest falls the rain ;
The frost will touch the early May,
 And it will never bloom again.

Thy high life-thoughts : ah ! where are they ?

Life is weary, full of care :

And clouds o'ershade the brightest day,

And winds rise rough on Summer air.

Thy thoughts of heaven : ah ! where are they ?

O stars in twilight's purple gloom !

O white buds of the far-away,

O living loves beyond the tomb !

Ye still are bright, ye still are fair,

And shining steadfast in the sky ;

And we may fix our worship there

'Mid all our life's uncertainty.

Rest then, our hearts ; be patient, wait,

And bear the teaching God commands,

Nor weep beside the golden gate

With all the crushed blooms in our hands.

With all the crushed blooms !—Oh, our God,

Is life a tragedy of pain ?

Faith answers, Winter's harrowed sod

Is big with Autumn's glorious gain,

When He shall come to robe us well,

In all His beauty fully drest,

And lead us, 'mid joy's anthem swell

Into the garden of the blest,

Where no more rain shall drench the sod,
But sun, and soul, be clouded never ;
Hope, love, and faith grow ripe in God,
And we be healed, for ever.

LITTLE THINGS.

WE are too apt to pass them by,
The little deeds of love,
And fix our thoughts too soaring high,
Life's common things above.

We want to meet upon our way
Great victories to be won,
Forgetting, that in every day
A good thing may be done.

For often as we hurry by
The greater task to meet,
We miss the nearer misery
That lies about our feet.

Ah ! we should walk more solemn-wise,
With careful glance, and slow ;
Then should we aye, with gentler eyes,
Read out full many a woe.

Finding the lone heart, in its grief,
Shedding the bitter tear,
With no kind word, to bring relief,
Or friend, to hold it dear.

Or see the hunger of the soul,
Revealed in many face,
Or the deep mark of sorrow's dole
The eye of love would trace,

Waiting perhaps for sympathy,
Waiting perhaps a prayer,
Waiting perhaps to show to thee
Its hidden fount of care.

Oh, were our spirits deeper stirred,
Longing the Lord to please,
We should in gift, tear, tone and word,
Give help to such as these ;

For God is Love, and loves the heart
That help and solace brings,
That meekly tries to do its part
In blessed little things.

TRANSPLANTED.

“Angels will give her happier resting-place.”

O COME in the still, starry hour,
For with thee rich comfort thou’lt bring ;
Thy voice will be sweet, as the breath of a flower
Awaked by the music of Spring.

For our hearts are oft turning to thee,
To thy bright ether home in the sky ;
And the deep-treasured mem’ry shall be
A pathway, soul-leading on high.

We see thee, calm-waving thy hand,
With a smile of ineffable love
Thou whisperest low, of the beautiful land,
And drawest our spirit above.

Yes, dear one, happy art thou,
Uprising in rapture, and prayer ;
We see thee, we hear thee : e’en now
Thy light wings are fanning the air.

Thou comest, all shadowy and fleet,
Long-robed in celestial white,
And silent, and soft, is the fall of thy feet,
As the dew-drop, down-trembling at night.

Thou hast waked, from a troub'lous dream,
Heaven-called to a haven of rest ;
As a glad bird, o'erwinging a stream,
Flies on, to its own sheltered nest.

Thou hast waked, O belovèd, swift-flown,
In the dew of thy youth, it is given,—
A life without shadow or frown,
For the lily-paved garden of heaven.



EVIL SPEAKING.

Are we Christians—tell me, say ?
Then put the cruel sin away
Of speaking ill of others ;
Shall those who learn at Jesus' feet
Cast tares into a neighbour's wheat,
A sister's, or a brother's ?

As honest men and women, we
Should scorn weak tattlers to be—
This viper crush and smother ;
And set our faces like a flint,
Nor pass this coin of Satan's mint—
Maligning one another.

No poisoned barb, or slinged stone
From us, should wound an absent one,
 A secret sword concealing ;
But frank goodwill, and real love
Our title to the name should prove,
 True faith, and open dealing.

Oh, shame ! that we should ever sip
The cup of slander, lip from lip,
 Or listen to detailing ;
Should one be weak, or if he halt,
With him alone discuss the fault,
 Love's prayer, with him prevailing.

"Love one another," Jesus said ;
In His pure calm our hearts be led,
 His guidance humbly seeking ;
In canker slander, take no part,
But cleanse it from the social heart,
 Deep-hate all evil-speaking !



EBBING AND FLOWING.

"EBBING and flowing : " yes, thou sayest truly,
These hearts of ours are strange mysterious things,
Now are they saddened with wild thoughts unruly,
Now softly swept, with pure, seraphic wings.

Now are they darkling, like a stormy ocean,

Now, glorious rays are broad'ning on the sea,
Now are they tender, with divine emotion,
And calmed in God, and beautiful and free,

Now are they storm-torn with contending feeling,
And who can trace the hidden deeps that rise?
Now are they baffled, now a heavenly healing
The swift-wing'd angels bring us from the skies.

And then a peace, (as after battles ended),
Pours its white splendours on the golden shore,
Our very hurts by angels are attended,
And grateful joy o'er-brims us evermore !

Not *evermore* : not thus, could we inherit
The strength'ning growth, and life, for God's *To Be*,
Light, rigour, rain, still test the deathless spirit,
Ere "the great calm," falls on the tossing sea.

"Ebbing and flowing," yet for ever reaching,
To find His hand, the steadfast, pure, and strong, .
The changeless One, who through all change is teaching,
And bearing us to better things along.

PARTED.

THE thought of thee, why should it bring
A strength and gladness to my heart?
For well I know our lines of life
Must lie apart.

Our lines of life : ah ! who shall say
What line the spirit-car moves on ?
I know thou may'st be out of sight,
But art thou gone ?

For, my belovèd, thought is free,
And wingèd, like the ambient air,
And it can reach from heart to heart
All unaware.

Comes not this breath, this heather breath,
Soft-stealing through my open door ?
God knoweth well its place of growth
Across the moor.

And at my feet, this mountain stream
Keeps on its way with pleasant bound,
Its happy pulses beating still,
Though underground.

And in this silence, voices clear
Bring me thy acts of dainty good ;
Make me a sharer in thy life's
Beatitude.

So I, partaker of thy life,
Thy nobler life, apart will grow,
As surely, as the blooms of God
Beneath the snow.

Then say not, that I idly dream ;
Thought can be set in prayer and light,
And I can aid thy being still
Though out of sight.

NO ROOM FOR CHRIST.

LET the deep meaning enter in—
No room for Christ ! no room for Him
In all that town, in all that inn :
No room for Christ !

No room for Christ ! O drear dismay,
No room on that prophetic day,
For her, sore-wearied by the way :
No room for Christ !

O Royal Babe, so lowly born,
Peasant and King—Cross, Crown, and Thorn,
Were shadowed on that mournful morn :
No room for Christ !

No room for Christ ! Let the sad word
Through every smitten heart be heard,
Until its very depths are stirr'd :
No room for Christ !

Who asketh entrance? It is He
Whose life was one impassioned plea
To bring God's deathless joys to thee :
Make room for Christ !

No room for Him,—oh, shall *we* say
We have no room for Christ to-day?
Shall we like Judas turn away?
No room for CHRIST?

Ah, woman ! by that mother's woes,
By Him who every sorrow knows,
Whose gracious pity to *thee* flows,
Make room for Christ !

And man, in city, town, or mart;
Whate'er thy work, whoe'er thou art,
O *let* Him rectify thy heart,
Make room for Christ !

A GOLDEN SILENCE.

EVENING.

HUSH ! hush ! not yet thy prelude, sweet, be chanted,
Drawing my soul out in this quiv'ring calm ;
Yet I would listen, singer, summer-haunted,
And bathe me in thy song's ethereal charm ;

But keep thy heart back, till these warm June roses
Have veiled their purple languors in the night ;
Till silence over all the earth reposes,
And we are 'neath the moon's diviner light.
Then thou shall pour for me thy raptured lay,
And I will turn to my pale love and say :

Come out, O heart, for life is deep and wide,
A moment past yon sapphire sea abide,
Then meet me in the purple eventide.

Come out, O soul, in this delicious balm ;
Léan, my beloved, lean upon my arm,
And wander speechless, in this chancel calm.

Bring me the light of thy grey tranquil eyes ;
I want no murmur of unquiet sighs,
But tender dreams of softened sympathies.

Come ! for I love thee, and I woo, and wait,
Life of my heart, my spirit's loyal mate,
Enter my dream-land, at its pearliest gate.

Now odorous bracken, gorse, and heather fair
Are shedding incense on the dewy air,
God, love, and beauty, breathing everywhere.

Here ! in this silence, thought is free to fill
Her golden chalice with what wine she will,
And no rude hand the dainty draught may spill.

If thou art voiceless as a closèd bloom,
I reach thee softly, and no shade of gloom
Shall touch my folded lily on the tomb.

Keep, if thou wilt, thy chosen reticence,
I can o'er-brim it with the dearest sense,
And love has still her perfect recompense.

And Mother Nature, for such love out-borne,
Has neither chiding, or rebuke, or scorn,
But weighted wheat-ears of her golden corn.

Through light of worlds, her song she pulses o'er,
And she will bear this refrain to your shore :
"Love, loving truly, lives for evermore."

MORNING.

HAIL to the beautiful
Dawn of a day,
Let it not fruitlessly
Hasten away.

Guarded through darkness,
Dewed, in the night,
Let the fruit rounden
And ripen, in light.

Toilers ! who toil and love,
Great is your meed,
For, upon angels' food
Daily you feed.

Beautiful pastures
" His secret " will show,
And the music of God
In its rivers will flow.

A rich golden guerdon
Is seen in its dreams,
And the voice of " the Future "
Is heard in its streams.

Endeavour is kingly,
But conquest is king,
And a rapture of joy
Will each victory bring.

In wind, rain, or shadow
The seed ever sow,
For God alone maketh it
Ripen and grow.

O Father, Creator,
Whatever we be,
Life, growth, and Eternity
Dwelleth with Thee.

Though man may obscure Thee,
And cramp, and defame ;
Thou art Love, and for ever
Remainest the same.

TWO VOICES.

THERE are two voices calling me,
And each of them I know :
One has a cadence wild and free,
One speaketh soft and low.

One cometh drest in sober grey,
Her eyes are grave and kind ;
One cometh airy, light, and gay,
With laughter of the wind.

The first she hath a noble mien,
All dignified and fair,
The second, like a fairy queen,
Is light and *débonnaire*.

One saith, True joy my' victory yields,
I glory-crown the hours :
One saith, Come to Elysian fields,
And take my honeyed flowers.

So Duty calls, and Pleasure calls,
Oh, which shall I obey—
She who the foolish heart enthralls,
Or Duty, grave and grey?

Then, Duty, ! I will go with thee,
My sweet and solemn Nun,
Firm-clasp my hand, and steadfastly
Thy nobler will be done.

FIRESIDE REVERIE.

(TO MY MOTHER.)

DEAR Mother: in that holy word
A thousand sacred thoughts are wove,
And depths within my breast are stirred,
While dwelling on thy heart of love.

A mother's love—exhaustless well
Of waters tremulously bright;
Thou wast my childhood's idol spell,
The music of a long delight.

To many shrines I learned to bow,
False idols have my worship shared,
And few are they who until now
Have kept their glory unimpaired.

But thine is constant as the light
That comes to mark the rising day ;
Or like the fixèd star at night,
That gives the earth a quenchless ray.

But with all, dearest, 'tis not so,
And Time has taught me many things,
For storms have swept, and chill, and snow
Have touched thy child's imaginings

And, mother, in the twilight hush,
Indulging in a pleasant dream,
Warm in the fire-light's crimson flush,
Thine eyes upon my spirit beam.

There's something in the warmth and light,
The kindling glow and fitful blaze,
That woos the spirit's wingèd flight,
Back to the dreams of earlier days.

'Tis quiet now, all turmoils o'er ;
Eve's shadows cover care and strife,
And peaceful ripples on the shore
Make music o'er the wastes of life.

For Day and Night, like sisters meet
In Love, that were divided long,
And the mind spreads her banquet sweet
Of Love, and Memory, Hope, and Song,

And thus, while pondering lone, and deep,
Soft dreaming by my Winter fire,
Kind loving thoughts around me creep,
Thy name awakes my silent lyre.

Again a child I seem to be,
I gently stroke thy silver hair,
And with a perfect faith and trust,
And lisping low my evening prayer.

Again a child ! O mother, pray
As we did then, for it was sweet,
Approaching in that simple way,
Through tender love, God's mercy-seat.

How I would look into thine eyes,
And read my joy or sorrow there ;
Their sunshine was my Paradise,
Their grief, my bosom's wild despair.

Sometimes the thought would cross my brain,
(The cloud within my summer sky,)
O'ershadowed far, with quivering pain,
The thought, that even thou might'st die.

And I would shed hot, burning tears,
And thou would'st kiss them all away,
And lull to rest the sudden fears,
And teach my sobbing lips to pray.

Thy voice alone could stay the smart,
Thy gentle hand would stroke my hair,
And lull the beatings of my heart
When love and anguish struggled there.

And I would nestle in thy breast,
Gone was the anguish, grief and pain,
Thy love, my ark of sacred rest :
Would I could feel such peace again !

It cannot be : in vain I yearn,
The touch of time has seared the leaf,
And could I to thy bosom turn,
'Twould fail to bring my heart relief.

The warm, quick heart, and fancy wild,
That dashed my idol joy with tears,
And tore my bosom when a child,
Has been my fate in after years.

But in all sorrow, grief, or pain,
The thought of thee comes sweetly back
Like drops of dew, or summer rain,
On memory's seared and scorched track.

God bless thee, mother, richly bless !
Such is thy daughter's earnest prayer ;
In spirit, take my fond caress,
And let me touch thy sacred hair.

Calm be the setting of thy sun,
Long may the glorious sunset be ;
Thy day's work has been nobly done,
And brightest hopes will gladden thee.

And should'st thou go, e'er yet I go,
Thou'lt watch me as an angel bright,
Thy presence I shall feel and know,
The shrouding of thy wings of light.

Then, mother, take this lay of mine ;
Would 'twere a better offering,
For when I sing of love like thine,
I'd touch my harp's divinest string.

And, dearest, though we live apart,
We've love's electric wire between,
We hold communion, heart to heart,
Though miles of Earth may intervene

They cannot stop the magic flow
Of the soul's music sweet, and wild,
And I believe that thou wilt know
These breathings of thy absent child.

For love's Æolian notes are caught
By listening angels robed in white,
And borne upon their harps of Thought
On to the loved. Good night ! Good night !

MARY MAGDALENE.

MARY brought her gift most precious
In her box of alabaster,
And her eyes of earnest pleading
Rested on the Holy Master.

And the Saviour, spirit-searching,
All the woman's worship knew,
And He looked on her benignly,
As toward His feet she drew.

Not as man reads, He was reading,
For He knew the grief and pain
That her erring heart had cost her,
And the tears of blood-ting'd rain ;

And her tresses' rich abundance
Swept around her, kneeling low,
As with awe, and love, and reverence,
Warm, her tears of anguish flow,

While she kissed the feet of Jesus,
Wiped them with her unbound hair,
Till a ray from out His glory,
Lit the dark of her despair.

And He comforted, and healed her,
Gave her heart a perfect rest ;
Fixed the wandering star for ever,
As a jewel on His breast.

For he said, Through all the ages,
When the gospel shall be heard,
They shall know her love and sorrow,
And the mercy of her Lord.



IN MEMORIAM.

(MARK II. 5.)

We do confess that in that solemn hour.
Thy love sufficed,
And our veiled eyes, held dry to him,
Were turned to Christ.

And we believe, most Merciful and Tender
And Kingly Friend,
Just as of old, Thine ear did drink our cry,
And Thou didst send

Strong, quiet angels, so to fill the room
With calm, and light,
That Faith, Hope, Peace, smote soft upon the gloom,
And Death, and Night

Were so transfigured, that it was not dark,
But hushed, and fair ;
Because our hearts were pressing close to Christ,
In fervid prayer.

And holding back the noisy waves of life
With bated breath,
We lifted our beloved to the Lord
Who conquers death

With dawns of a birthday—oh, how sweet !
That He will give
The Resurrection and the Life, to those
Who “ look and live.”

And now, O Father, though we gently weep,
We bless Thy name,
That Thou didst such dear teachings for our souls
In glory frame.

And we believe, most Merciful and Tender,
Thy word sufficed,
And our beloved *looked upon the Lord*,
And yearned to Christ.

ANGEL SORROW.

'Tis His Angel Sorrow leads us
To the wilderness away,
That the heart may feel its hunger,
And the soul may yearn to pray.

I have seen her in her beauty,
In the twilight singing clear,
And in the silent night-time
I have watched her drawing near,

With her ebon-robe around her,
With her smile so solemn-sweet,
And the rain upon her forehead,
And the clouds about her feet.

And as she walked beside me,
On her robe of ebon fold
Were silver stars of promise,
And shining gleams of gold.

Long, long I have known the Angel,
Whom I met with tearful eyes,
And she shows me through the snow-drifts
The halls of Paradise.

I have listened to her pleading,
As she telleth soft, and low
Of a wondrous Peace awaiting
Like a river's effluent flow.

And the heart-grief, and the soul-storm,
Are not blinding now to me,
For I read the heavenly teaching
In the Angel's ministry.

And I see beyond the waters,
Through the mist of sorrow's dole,
The golden homes of glory
For the Christ-redeemèd soul.

So I thank Him for the teaching,
And I bless Him for the rod,
For the "bitter herbs" that gave me
Grief hunger for my God.

FAREWELL TO WALES.

BEAUTIFUL land ! where'er I roam,
My heart will turn to thee,
The mountain where my own dear home
Looks down upon the sea ;
Thy laughing rills, and rugged hills
Bring joy-tears to my sight :
Land of my heart, my native land,
My own dear land—Good night !

Beautiful Land ! O sacred sweet,
Love's centre is in thee,
The hearth, where my young brothers meet,
The old farm by the sea ;
My mother, with her holy love,
Her eyes of prayer and light ;
Land of my heart, my native land,
My own dear land—Good night !

Beautiful Land : the parting's come,
How sad, how fair to me,
The sun-set glory on my home,
On rock, and hill, and sea ;
My heart is pained to leave thee now,
Bathed in celestial light ;
Land of my heart, my native land,
My own dear land—Good night !

Beautiful land ! keep safe the girl,
The girl I love the best,
Bear witness how this soft brown curl
To my warm heart is prest ;
In perfect faith, and honest love,
Oh, keep her leal and right :
Land of my heart, my native land,
My own dear land—Good night !

Beautiful Land ! thy child must go,
The light fades on the hill,
But I am thine, come weal or woe,
Thine own, beloved, still !
Farewell, old Gwallia, and my home,
The big tears dim my sight ;
Land of my heart, my native land,
My own dear land—Good night !

NEARING HOME.

PILGRIM with weary eyes
Look to the goal ;
Soon will the hills arise,
Sweet to thy soul ;
Jesus is with thee
To lighten thy load,
Thy staff and stay to be
On the rough road ;
Soon will the weary long journey be o'er,
Hold fast the hand of Christ, look to
the shore.

Give every lagging grace
New-kindled light,
Jesus for thee can give
“ Songs in the night.”
Patient, and watch and wait,
Fighting with sin,
None can be desolate,
Trusting in Him ;
Dwell on His perfect love, ponder it o'er,
Hold fast the hand of Christ, look to
the shore.

Say, art thou roughly used,
Still comfort take ;
The reed is bruised
He never will break.
Think on the promised rest,
Soon it will come :
Think of the welcome blest,
Picture the home !
Think of the starry crown, cross nevermore,
Hold fast the hand of Christ, look to the
shore.

Dream of the land of light,
So hushed and fair ;
Think ! neither cloud nor night
Entereth there ;
Dwell on the happiness,
Soon to be given ;
Think of your ransomed ones
Gathered in Heaven.
Of " the rest that is glorious, " joys o'er
and o'er,
Hold fast the hand of Christ, look to the
shore.

Oh, what a beautiful
Calm it will be,
After the tossing
Of all the wild sea ;

Drink in the glory,
Look to the goal !
Ponder the glory,
Till joy wings the soul,
And she grasps the glad Truth, in her triumph
to soar,
Holding the hand of Christ, reaching the
shore.

“ SHE WAS NOT, FOR GOD TOOK HER.”

(E. M. C.)

“ I am not going up alone,”
Said our beloved Saint ;
“ Those whom the Lord has made all fair,
Will climb with me each glory stair,
E’en to the pearly gate.”

So many are going, a blessed throng,
Filling the air with the “ new sweet song,”
The beautiful echoes seem floating near,
Reaching my soul in its tranced prayer.

And my own dear ones, with calm, clear eyes
Will welcome me with a glad surprise ;
They’re gathering round, in a soft pure light,
And I almost touch their hands to-night.

“Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard,”
Yet my soul with the living *joy* is stirred,
And my longing heart is athirst to see
All that my Lord has prepared for me.

On, on, through the portals of death and night,
Faith showeth me gleams of glory bright,
And my wearied body may pine to-day,
But my soul leaps up on her starry way.

I dwell on the beauty, the light, the rest,
To be with my Lord a crownèd guest,
Till my soul is calmed, like a heavenly sea,
In the hushed breath of Eternity.

Earth's shadowy confines are pale and drear,
When the glowing hills of my God appear,
And the twilight beauty is faint, and dim,
When I dream of “the dawn” I shall have
with Him.

Oh, for the word, the sweet word—*Come!*
(He will not tarry or leave me late ;
I trust Him, I cannot be desolate,)
And my soul leaps up, with its pulse elate,
At thought of The Home, *my* Home !

LEONORE.

IN yonder window's crimson fold,
I see again those locks of gold.

O maiden, tremble in thy joy,
Yet still believe, 'twere better far,
Who would thy darling hopes destroy,
Though Hope is but a falling star,
And Love and Sorrow, dear, are one.

O foolish Love, to come to this,
To bathe her in a sea of bliss,
And touch her soul with dreams of flowers ;
To sun her in a rosy light
Aurora-like, and beautiful,
And then to close in storm and night :
For Love and martyrdom are one.

As light upon the traitor waves,
As blossoms blooming over graves,
Dear girl, is this wild Love.
Unequal souls can never bless.
Oh, fix thy royal heart above,
Love is not perfect happiness :
No, Love and Sorrow, dear, are one.

In vain I warn : she sits and dreams,
Envisioned in the tender beams ;
As the sweet moon around her flings
Her glory-glow, all golden bright,
So youth her unworn mirror brings,
Reflecting endless fields of light :
Yet Love and martyrdom are one.

I see his shadow 'thwart the ray,
The shadow that will cloud her way
Till half her race is o'er ;
Would he *could* be, what he doth seem
To thee, O radiant Leonore,
He cannot meet thy spirit-dream :
And Love and Sorrow, dear, are one.

He is not worthy, girl, of thee,
Yet with a strange fatality
He holds thy captive heart in thrall,
And sorrow follows in his track ;
God must be worshipped first of all :
Oh, let Him bring thy angel back,
Though Love and martyrdom are one.

Yet cheer thee, for a love recast
Shall come, when this wild dream is past,
Hallowed, immortal, it will rise,
And thy adoring heart shall rest
In the broad fields of Paradise :
God's love shall be thy glorious guest,
His peace, shall crown thy martyrdom.

ASPIRE.

WHAT shall I write?—It came to me,
 A coal from out a living fire—
 Write on the portal of the year
 That cometh on—ASPIRE !

Write to the young, the stout of heart,
 The strong of limb, with souls of fire :
 Clutch firm the royal hand of Truth,
 Grapple it close—ASPIRE !

Write on the threshold of each life,
 Upward and onward, higher, higher ;
 Crush out the bad, exalt the good,
 Kindle and glow—ASPIRE !

Write *ora et labora*, on
 Each soul, and sing it to the lyre ;
 Try to attain the starry height
 Of crowning good—ASPIRE !

With steadfast step, on, ever on,
 Till the free air your souls respire ;
 Write on the Banner you shall hold
 In burning rays—ASPIRE !

Write—To the Source of every *good*,
Press with keen yearning *nigher, nigher* ;
Your learning *then*—art, science, song—
Shall grow immortal—oh, ASPIRE !

Aspire to be what you *would* be
In moments of your best desire ;
True strength is linked with Love and God,
And welded close—ASPIRE !

Aspire to grow more like to Him
Who gave the soul her pulse of fire !
Be this your watchword for the year
That cometh on—ASPIRE !



OPENING OF THE DRINKING FOUNTAIN, MAIDSTONE.

TO THE QUEEN.

RAISED in this year, a year to thee of tears,
Yet holding much that human sorrow cheers,
In that thy children take a loving part
In all the woes that touch the royal heart.
Our mourning mother, we have mourned with thee
The silent "Father of our Kings to be ;"
Grand was his life and pure, as a deep stream
Born in clear heights, and kissed by many a beam

Of God-lit beauty, spreading fair below
His unstained brightness in a princely flow.
Hushed is his voice, yet teachings good and blest
From the broad haven of his glorious rest
Are still about us—from his home above
He tunes thy soul to an immortal love ;
He smiles upon us, beaming love and praise,
As this thy semblance in our town we raise ;
Pearl of our land, thou standest nobly there—
Our England's Queen, unveiled in ample air ;
Dearer than sculptured Goddess of old time,
Or fabled nymph, to guard the sacred shrine,
Is this our Queen, in grave and gentle mood,
Watching the waters of the crystal flood ;
Pure, kind, and good—here, when we bend to drink
At this clear fount, upon thy woes we'll think,
In loyal love we'll breathe a prayer for thee,
Then pledge our country, home, and liberty—
Then bless the gen'rous RANDALL, who has given
This beauteous fount, filled with glad streams from
heaven.

HIS SYMPATHY.

WITH gentle voice He calls us to His breast,
His heart responsive beats to human woe,
While tender words of pity-breathing rest
From His dear heart, upon our wounds downflow ;

Healer, and Helper, Beautiful and Sweet,
Our women's hearts are lured to love Thee now,
And we will come adoring to Thy feet,
And pour Love's precious ointment on Thy brow ;
Oh, we would grow obèdient to Thy will,
With joyful ministry, and listening calm,
Faithful, believing, loving, patient, still,
Leaning upon our Elder Brother's arm ;
And help us, Christ, to keep this heavenly frame,
And live to glorify Thy holy name.

LITTLE KINDNESSES.

SCATTER, scatter as you go,
Little gleaming drops of dew,
Shed your sunlight on the snow,
Cause some weary heart to glow ;
Little acts of kindness do,
And God's smile will banquet you.

Human love to action set,
Gift, or word, or love, or prayer,
Some sweet heart-rose dewy wet,
Offer in affection fair,
Tender, beautiful and true,
And God's love will gladden you.

Add *one*, to the rainbow gleams,
Arching o'er the dimmest days,
Add a sparkle to the streams,
Singing through the roughest ways ;
Point to heaven's broadening blue,
And its light will summer you.

Thus each day a golden link
In the chain of life be made,
From love-duty never shrink,
Though you work in dust and shade ;
Victory over *self renew*,
And God's love will banquet you.

ROTHERSLADE.

IT is a glorious morning, and the sea
Glides in his beauty on the yellow sands,
And ripples in fine laughter on the rocks,
Babbling love-legends in the hollow caves :
Not war-songs of wild wrestlings in the deeps,
But passionate poems of a rich delight,
He murmurs gently in a golden calm.
Oh, it is fair ! a thousand sparkles bright
Shine on the king-brow of the mighty deep,
For he is clad in festive robes to-day,
To feast with rapture the warm heart of June ;

Far in the distance, gliding stately on,
The ships sail soft as on a charmed sea,
And boats float fair like lilies silver-white
O'er the hushed stillness of a quiet lake ;
All Nature in a trance of peacefulness
Breathes out Love's anthem till the sun-bright bay
Has caught the glory of the shining hours ;
For "beautiful" is written on the sky,
In clouds as spotless as an angel's wing.
Lovely, and fair, and sweet, the lark above
Pours out a strain of exquisite delight,
Thrilling earth's bosom in her dream of flowers.
Sure, in this flaming bush God speaks to man,
Sings lib'ral gorse, that flings its splendours out
In lavish beauty on the summer air.
Here, queenly fox-glove rings her joyful bells,
Uprising from her throne of handsome leaves,
And blue-eyed milk-wort, nestling at her feet,
And ruddy heath, and countless living gems
All gladdened by the murmur of the bees,
And drowsy with delicious happiness,
Take down the love-psalm to rock lips below
That sing it stronger to the waves again.

Here, in the quiet shelter of the cove
Beautiful girls are bathing in the sea,
And happy little children, merry-voiced
And golden-haired, are dabbling in the spray,
Or gather shells upon the tawny shore.

.Oh, spirits that are crushed with many ills,
Or pent in rusty groove of fretting care,
Or you, who needs must toil in city dim,
Would you could come, and drink the beauty here !
And commune with old Nature face to face,
And join the chantings of her grateful hymn,
And feel the pulsings of her royal heart,
How she would gladden her toil-wearied ones !
For she has voices that can touch the strings
And waken melodies that sleep in death,
Or seeming death, to soul and lip again,
With the pure kindlings of her living fire.
Come, let Athena wanton in your hair,
And kiss the fevered brow, and bathe in light !
Come to old Gwallia, come, and drink in joy
And drink in life-wine, on these glorious hills.
Come, leave the town and city, and stand here
In such a day, and such an hour as this,
On this fine tapestry of holy flowers,
And you shall see such beauty as shall stay,
Lighting your soul, when you perchance are far.
Remembered benediction of this time
Shall haunt your spirit with a magic spell,
And better thoughts shall fringe your soul with light,
And lift it nearer the All-Merciful :
And you shall, in mind-vision, see again
These hills, sky, sea, and rocks and dewy sod,
With health renewed, and deeper trust in God.

I WILL NOT SAY FAREWELL TO THEE.

I WILL not say farewell to thee,
Lest I should meet a colder glance,
And changèd mood might spoil for me
My sweet romance.

I choose to think thee what I will
In spite of all things,—*vain conceit!*
But then I have the honey still
And hold it sweet.

I'm going dear, and that is all ;
I cannot break a spirit-chain,
And you—e'en gods cannot recall
Their gifts again.

Shall I excuse my love ? not I ;
I have no selfish aim or fear.
And though I will not say " Good bye,"
I count thee, dear.

And wherefore ? Oh, I do not know !
Now tell me ? Ah ! I *cannot* tell ;
And so I, silent, let thee go,
Nor say, Farewell !

SUNSET CLOUDS.

ON with those glorious clouds, still on,
Till every thought of earth is gone,
All fetterless and free.

Glad in my soul's immortal might
I rise all high, and proud, and bright,
To Royal liberty.

Over the everlasting hills
I join their flight, my bosom thrills
With sympathy divine.

Away ! away ! above the world,
For Thought's swift banner is unfurled,
And countless glories shine.

Untrammelled in the radiant air
Awake my heart, bring praise and prayer,
With meditation sweet ;

And Love, thy rich oblation pour,
Come, count thy costly jewels o'er,
And crown with worship meet

This golden hour, ere yet 'tis run,
For Twilight waits, a stately nun,
In sober calm to reign.

Crimson and opal, dusk, farewell—
Now soul, resume thy wonted cell,
And wear thy captive chain.

Yet in the silence, still be taught
How wisdom to the heart is brought
In *beauty, joy, and pain* ;

And take into life's common ways
This sunset's splendours, and its praise,
And its entrancing spell.

“IS IT WELL WITH THE CHILD?”

Laid is her gentle head
In its cold grassy bed,
Sunk in a long and a winterly sleep :
Sadly the willows wave,
Over her silent grave,
Sighing a requiem mournful and deep.

Nay, she is gone to rest ;
Peace in her quiet breast,
And her pure spirit is happy and free ;
Sorrow and Death, and Care
Never may enter where
Annie is gone with the angels to be.

Ah ! but she lieth low,
Under the silent snow,
Could not the Reaper our darling have passed ?
Beautiful child and sweet,
Wrapped in her winding sheet,
O'er her lone grave sweeps the wild beating blast.

Nay, from the storm and dark,
Safe in His holy Ark,
Christ took the child, from the wind and the rain ;
O happy destiny,
Morn, noon and night to be
Freed from our life, with its burden of pain.

High on the hills of myrrh,
We must look up to her,
High 'bove the grave, and the dim, sullen sod,
And Annie, child-angel,
Shall teach Love's Evangel,
Till we read through our tears, the dear mercy of God.

JESUS SAITH UNTO HER—"MARY."

O SWEETEST word by lips e'er spoken.
O silence most divinely broken,
Of pitying Love, the eternal token.

The very rock-tomb seemed to glow,
Because each coming Age should know
How Jesus pities human woe.

Just the calm breathing of her name
By Jesus, oh, what stillness came—
What quiet o'er her quivering frame.

Her heart lay in her sorrow-crushed,
Now every sob of grief is hushed :
One word, her marble brow joy-flush'd.

She knew Him then : her soul was stirred,
No other voice she ere had heard
Could *thus* have breathed that simple word.

O music most divine and sweet,
It brought her list'ning to His feet,
With holy awe His glance to meet.

She must not touch Him : she must go,
And let the Lord's disciples know
What He would tell her—even so.

Humble and loving, loyal, still,
Mary obeys the Master's will,
While awe and joy her being fill.

O happy woman ! blest indeed,
Upon His loving Word to feed,
Its music meeting all thy need.

Morning, and noon, and night 'twould be,
Re-echoed everlastingly,
Its holy accent soothing thee.

His " Mary," uttered sweet, and clear,
With solace infinite, and near,
Till Heaven's day-break should appear.



" LOVE NOT HAPPINESS, BUT GOD."

TELL me, wayward, wanton, wild,
Tell me, thou poetic child,
What deep thought is rising now
Like a cloud upon thy brow ?
Now 'tis gone : I see a light
Flashing on thy mental sight ;

Genius, god of heavenly birth,
Hovering o'er the silent earth,
Saw that gentle heart of thine,
And thy soul's immortal shrine,
Ceased to wander—made his rest
In the little dreamer's breast.
There he revels, lustrous, bright,
Gilding with his ambient light
All the unseen thoughts that lie
In thy soul's immensity.
But, young dreamer, chain the wing :
Life is not an endless Spring ;
Sorrow, death, e'en thou may'st see,
Child of light and poetry ;
Devious pathways oft are trod :
Love not happiness, but God.

Maiden ! with the tender grace
Of life's dawn upon thy face,
Beautiful exceedingly,
Love's evangel glows for thee ;
Beautiful, and clear, and sweet,
Sings the river at thy feet ;
Beautiful the charmed song,
Borne upon the breeze along ;
Beautiful the golden gates,
Where thy spirit sighs and waits ;
Beautiful the perfect goal,
Waiting for thy list'ning soul ;
Beautiful it all doth seem,
In the azure of thy dream.

Yet, O girl, with prescient heart,
All too soon will morn depart ;
Trembling shadows come and go—
Woman's love, and woman's woe,
Rose and thorn, have sun-lit sod :
Love not happiness, but God.

Youth, with fervid heart and brain,
Spurning with a proud disdain
Every fetter, every chain ;
Thou, who in thy strength would'st soar
Where immortal spirits are ;
Thirsting for the crown of fame,
Laurel-wreathed around thy name ;
Radiant, and strong and bold,
All thy future writ in gold.
In the haste for life's quick morn,
Leaving the reluctant dawn
For the battle and affray,
Meeting manhood's sterner way ;
In ambition's iron keep,
Do not let thy spirit sleep,
Nor let mammon, gain, or mart
Eat the life from out thy heart ;
Eat the blossoms from the rod :
Love not happiness, but God.

Manhood, with its eager quest,
Never quite, but *to be* blest,
Do not let the work-day dim
Silver lamps that burn within.

Toil, 'tis noble, but the fruit
Withers in the hot pursuit,
If it be not set in good,
Linked to truest brotherhood ;
Blest and blessing, only so
As 'twill Heaven's guidance know,
Following its track of right
Through the shadow, cloud, and night ;
Let no phantom lead astray,
Keep, oh, keep the starry way,
Follow where the Saviour trod :
Love not happiness, but God.

Seek not happiness, but find
He who gave us heart, and mind ;
Seeing darkly, yet we know
Good alone from Him can flow,
Every phase of life must prove
The loving Fatherhood of God.
Now meeting lowly human need,
Now bending, with a soul to plead ;
Infinite, and grand, and high,
Yet touching our simplicity
With finest tracery of thought ;
Out of His wondrous being wrought
Beauty and sorrow, light and shade—
His ministers—to us are made.
From Sinai's awful thunderings,
To mercy-seat with shrouding wings ;

Fret-work, and lily-work, and bloom,
And incense, with its rich perfume,
And music's strange mysterious sound,
All language for the heart is found ;
In His wide temple's holy ground,
Through countless channels wooing still
To glad obedience to His will.

All Nature, sea, sky, earth, and air,
His wisdom and His love declare.
E'en human falterings made to prove,
How rich His majesty of love ;
Grand triumph of the Infinite,
To mould and weld us to the right :
His creatures He alone can bless,
And give us joy and happiness,
For He is happiness.



LOOK, AND LIVE.

AH ! is it so, that such as I
Can thus be pardoned from my sin,
And find at last a home on high,
By Jesus welcomed in ?

Yes, it is so ; but mine or thine
To-morrow may not be,
Perhaps it is the last, last time
Thy Lord will welcome thee.

Oh, do not lose another day
But *now*, look up and live,
For He, the Life, the Truth, the Way,
A pardon sure will give.

Think of the sufferings Jesus bore,
To purchase this for thee,
And say not now, if e'er before,
He never called to me ;

For He has cried, Come back, come back !
Oh, leave sin's dreary way,
He watched thee on its desert track,
And longed to hear thee pray.

For sin-wept tears are dear to God,
Whose heart does o'er you yearn ;
He waits to rid you of your load,
And welcome your return.

Oh, raise one prayer ; if but a sigh
Goes meekly up to Him,
The blessed Lord will hear your cry,
And healing work begin.

If but the prayer " I will arise "
Comes from your sorrowing breast,
Jesus will hear it in the skies,
And joy to make you blest ;

He'll help you, till the galling chain
Of bondage sin is riven,
And angels sing the raptured strain,
A Prodigal forgiven !

LINES ON THE DEATH OF MY YOUNG
SISTER RACHEL.

METHOUGHT it was sad, in the smile of Life's morning,
To see on thy leaflets the frost of decay,
While the dream of thy girlhood was yet in its dawning,
To hear the dirge murmur that calleth away.

I know thou art gone where the angels are dwelling,
Immortally lovely, and changeless, and bright ;
They touch their gold harps, and the anthem is swelling
To welcome thy spirit to regions of light.

Away from my soul then, ye shades of the story,
Of death, and the grave, and the desolate tomb,
For over the dark clouds an angel of glory
Is rising in beauty, and radiant in bloom.

Adieu, lovely sister ! From us thou art hieing,
All young and all beautiful, gone to thy rest,
'Tis the mourners below, that are weeping and dying,
While thou art e'en now in the land of the blest.

“DELIVER US FROM EVIL.”

WE cry as children, weak as they,
But Thou wilt hear the words we say,
If with their perfect faith we pray,

Only with deeper sense of need,
Knowing life's perils, we must plead,
That Thou our falt'ring steps wilt lead ;

Knowing the shadows and the ills,
The grief that oft the bosom fills,
The tears that even Joy distils.

Oh, help us when our faith burns low,
And Sorrow's cup doth overflow,
And wearied souls are dimmed with woe.

When it is hard the way to find—
For then, the Tempter's power to bind
Is strongest, on the wounded mind—

Do thou our Rock and Shelter be,
Out of ourselves, made strong in Thee,
Lifted and helped to liberty.

Oh, hear our prayer. Thy prayer we pray,
Through all the dark that clouds our way,
Let not temptation lead astray.

From the heart's core, oh, let it rise,
It will find God, 'twill pierce the skies,
Though blinding tears are in our eyes :
Deliver us from evil, Lord !

MUSING: ON NEW YEAR'S EVE.

(TO SABINA.)

AH me ! life's dawn was glowing sweet,
And flowers were fresh upon our way,
Their young buds kissed our joyful feet,
While walking through the pleasant May ;
Our hearts were lit with many beams
That gleamed, and glowed like Paradise,
Our souls, too, had their Poet-dreams
Ere grief had touched them sorrowing-wise.

And now the prism-glows are fled,
The golden glory of the dawn,
The loves we cherished too are dead,
The blooms of youth's auroral morn ;
And we are thankful, though we felt
So keenly in youth's fiery prime,
Are thankful, though we sobbing knelt
And wept round many a broken shrine.

We were so idol-loving, we
Were blind, yet longing for the light ;
Athirst, yet looking wistfully
For water, that still mocked our sight ;
But oh, the loss we know is gain,
Though stony-rough the pathway trod,
If, in the anguish of our pain,
It rung from us a cry for God.

And we were long in finding this,
And would believe—although despair
Touch'd many a joy that dearest is,
And placed its mocking finger there ;
For when the heart is young and blithe,
Ah me ! it feels so,—now we pass
More calmly, for the keen-edged scythe
Is worn in cutting Summer grass.

Now there's a lull upon the waves,
And there is quiet by the sea,
And holy silence o'er the graves
Where we have wept so mournfully ;
E'en o'er the pieces of the bowl,
Joy's golden bowl, we gently weep,
Where once the passion of the soul
Broke in an anguish wild and deep.

So Peace broods soft on after days,
As Autumn, with her tender light,
Or as the moon, whose silver rays
Fall calmly on the sea to-night :

Or rather like yon fixèd star,
With steady gleams divinely given,
Our souls are lighted from afar,
Love-ransomed, for their home in heaven.

Then come, New Year, with veiled eyes :
We will not dread thee, for we know
Thou leadest to true Paradise,
Where pale Death comes not, change or woe ;
And so we will be patient, sweet,
Till the last tired step is trod,
And we shall stand with joyful feet
In whiteness, on the hills of God.



MOONLIGHT.

“ Rashly importunate, gone to her death.”

OH, there is one who will to-night
Be wakened with a cold, cold shiver,
For he shall see my silver light
Fall with revealing on a river,
And a girl's face, all ghastly white
And beautiful, upturned there,
Shall make him curse my silver light,
And hold him in a fixèd stare ;

For wild remorse will seize his heart,
Too late, too late ! for it is done,
And he has worked a traitor's part,
And ere to-morrow's race is run
A thousand fiends will torture him.

Wake, wake ! betrayer, wake ! for my
Pale light is spreading o'er the river,
Thou movest with a heavy sigh,
Thou risest with a cold, cold shiver.
Come, come with me : thou know'st the flood,
Say, coward, wherefore dost thou shrink ?
Think of that trembling girl who stood
With all her woes upon the brink ;
Think on her bursting heart and sighs,
Her struggling love, her grief and shame,
Those wild, appealing, glorious eyes
Will burn thee like avenging flame.
A fiery sword, a lightning gleam,
To haunt thy soul in many a dream.

Thy heart will tell thee, traitor, why
I lead thee to the lonely river ;
Thou movest with a madden'd sigh,
Thou risest with a cold, cold shiver.
Now search thy cruel heart awhile,
Why sets thy face in wild despair ?
Because thou know'st the web of guile
Thy crafty heart had woven there,

Crushing her life whom thou shalt see,
Betrayed and maddened, lost and drowned !
This is the dirge shall ring for thee,
A constant, wailing, quenchless sound,
That God alone can stay or quell,
To all thy joys a requiem knell.

Now stand these solemn waters by—
This is the spot, and this the river.
Thou gazest with a heavy sigh,
Thou tremblest with a cold, cold shiver.
“O spirit of the drownèd child,
Would I could call thee back to life !”
In vain, in vain ! though grief be wild,
And torments in thy breast are rife ;
Thou canst not stir, thou hear'st her name,
So tender, musical, and sweet,
Breathed by a thousand tones that blame—
The very stones beneath thy feet
Are calling curses down on thee
For that girl's sin, thy treachery.

There, there she floats ; the waters bright
Are round her, in a mournful quiver,
The moon, the stars, and God, and night
Are o'er her in the silent river ;
Poor, frail, and erring, Nature's breast
Doth hold her in a quiet sleep,

Christ's mercy knoweth where to rest,
And pitying angels o'er her weep ;
They gently float her body where
The banks o'erhang in solemn glooms,
And tresses of her soft, brown hair
Are mixed with reeds and rushes there,
And kissed by tender water blooms.

BEAUTIFUL GRASS.

OH, gratefully pass
O'er the beautiful grass,
The living green mantle our Father has spread,
For dim, dark, and drear,
Would the cold earth appear,
If this gift of His love were not lavishly shed.

Just gaze for awhile
On its fair sunny smile,
On hill, wood, and valley, high mountain, and lea,
Then picture each place,
Without verdure, or trace
Of the silvery sweep of the emerald sea.

Of the beauty and use
Of this blessing profuse,

Highest poets might sing it with passionate praise,
From the birth of spear-leaf,
To the rich Autumn sheaf
That the ruddy young reapers so joyfully raise.

Then, beautiful grass,
Let me sing as I pass
Just a simple wild lay, yet all fervid and true,
While my grateful eyes close
O'er this sumptuous rose,
And I lay me down softy, and revel in you.

For surely the grass
Every gift does surpass,
A beneficent robing, and life-kindled sod ;
And each mortal, since Eve
Did the first garden leave,
May banquet them still in this blessing from God.

The sky over-head
Is a fair vision spread,
Of its glory, and beauty, how often we sing ;
And now for *this* treasure,
This good beyond measure,
My mallet of praise, on Joy's anvil shall ring.

ON THE INDIAN METAPHOR,
"TO KEEP THE CHAIN OF FRIENDSHIP
BRIGHT."

A BIRD'S song warbled wild and free
Has turned my listening heart to thee,
A little flower, a brook, a star,
Has wafted me in Fancy's car
To where thou art ; a thousand things,
Thy spirit to my spirit brings,
To share its bright imaginings.

When Morn wakes up the dreamy hills
The thought of thee my being thrills ;
I watch the soft auroral light,
And see thee gazing on the sight,
And join thy rapture and delight .

When Noon comes on with sultry heat,
I hie me to some shady seat
With book or work, thy soul to meet ;
And in the pensive hour of eve
Thy thoughts with mine again I weave.

And in the sacred hour of prayer,
Then heart to heart, I meet thee there :

Strength, love, and light I find in thee,
And friendship's truest sympathy,
In joy and sorrow aye the same ;
And, darling, well thou'st won the name
Of Friend indeed.

TO MY DEAR FRIEND.

(MRS. C.)

THOU art too modest to accept of praise,
O steady, self-renouncing, generous heart,
Who dost life's daily round, and common ways
So glorify, in being what thou art.
Out of Thought's honeyed cells, thy dear life brings
Sweetness and strength to gladden all around,
And she who now thy praise with gladness sings
In thee a treasure beyond price has found.
I little thought, O friend, what from above
In jewelled case of friendship 'waited me,
When first thy clear glance, beaming truth and love,
Shed broad'ning sunlight on my storm-swept sea,
So like an angel's, thy love's steadfast flame,
While I, in Love's proud wealth embalm thy fragrant
name.

